

*Edm. Waller*

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

*K. the 3d*

In Six Volumes, Complete.

WITH HIS LAST  
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,  
AND  
IMPROVEMENTS;  
TOGETHER WITH  
ALL HIS NOTES.

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EDINBURGH:  
Printed by A. DONALDSON, and sold at his  
Shops in London and Edinburgh.

M DCC LXVII.



THE  
WORKS  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS  
JUVENILE POEMS, TRANSLA-  
TIONS, and IMITATIONS.

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P R E-

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## P R E F A C E.

I AM inclined to think, that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authours are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as, on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest; so, on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe, that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame or pleasure as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man; and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgement commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: And can it then be wondered at, if the poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgements\*.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill placed; poetry and criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet, sure, upon the whole, a bad authour deserves better usage than a bad critic: For a writer's endeav-

\* In the former editions it was thus — “ For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation.”

your, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgement; but such a critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: And if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgement of others. Now, if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no sin in itself), he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authours might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write. And this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have, are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgement to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature, given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being

being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: For, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good sense, (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense), his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb: If he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery; and, if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: And it is to be feared, that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate or suspect him: A hundred honest gentlemen will credit him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of: The agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a

martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore : Since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biased by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess, it was want of consideration that made me an authour : I writ, because it amused me ; I corrected, because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write ; and I published, because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant. I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgement to be pleased with them at last. But, I have reason to think, they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so : For they have always fallen short, not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we ; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent ; and it was the busines of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality : Though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a farther misfortune : They writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for

## P R E F A C E.

v

for our pride ! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us, is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the ancients : And it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times ; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers. And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess, that I have served myself all I could by reading ; that I made use of the judgement of authours, dead and living ; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies. But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together ; and what critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement ?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, That I have as great a respect for it, as most authours have for themselves ; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authours, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and, *vice versa*, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting

His own thoughts ; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned ; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immortal things, as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies, or works of other men ; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their authour never made his talents subservient to the unworthy ends of party or self-interest ; the gratification of public prejudices, or private passions ; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered, that it is what no man can do without good sense ; a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known, that I die in charity, and in my senses ; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings ; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that

every

every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion: That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print; believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended: That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, deprettiated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language, or when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them, that when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10. 1716.

VARIATIONS

## VARIATIONS in the AUTHOUR's manuscript preface.

After page iii, line 34, it followed thus. — For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency. But when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself; or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and Nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet)*. 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The muses are *amicæ omnium horarum*; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world, as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I cannot but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and, as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even

even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct: Besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At *page v, line 18*, In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces; that I made what advantage I could of the judgement of authours dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies; and that I expect no favour on account of my youth, busness, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct; is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years, may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.



## RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

*On Mr. POPE and his Poems, by his Grace JOHN SHEFFIELD, Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

WITH age decay'd, with courts and bus'ness  
tir'd,  
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd;  
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,  
And from the critics safe arriv'd in port;  
I little thought of launching forth agen,  
Amidst advent'rous rovers of the pen;  
And after so much undeserv'd success,  
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,  
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme;  
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,  
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd !

But to this genius, join'd with so much art,  
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,  
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;  
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,  
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;  
Except I justly could at once commend  
A good companion, and as firm a friend.  
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,  
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some n ens ways,  
But a much greater to give merit praise.

To

MODERN

## To Mr. POPE, on his PASTORALS.

IN those more dull, as more censorious days,  
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,  
A muse sincere, that never flatt'ry knew,  
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.  
Young, yet judicious ; in your verse are found 5  
Art strength'ning Nature, sense improv'd by sound.  
Unlike those wits, whose numbers glide along  
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song :  
Laboriously enervate they appear,  
And write not to the head, but to the ear : 10  
Our minds, unmov'd and unconcern'd, they lull ;  
And are, at best, most musically dull :  
So purling streams with even murmurs creep,  
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.  
As smoothest speech is most deceitful found, 15  
The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.  
But wit and judgement join at once in you,  
Sprightly as youth, as age consummate too :  
Your strains are regularly bold, and please  
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease, 20 }  
With proper thoughts, and lively images :  
Such as by Nature to the ancients shown,  
Fancy improves, and judgement makes your own :  
For great mens fashions to be follow'd are,  
Although disgraceful 'tis their cloaths to wear. 25  
Some in a polish'd style write pastoral,  
Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.  
Like some fair shepherdess, the sylvan muse  
Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce ;  
And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30  
Should, like his garb, be for the country fit :  
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought  
More nicely than the common swains be wrought.  
So, with becoming art, the players dress  
In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess ; 35  
Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,  
Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.

Your

Your rural muse appears to justify  
 The long-lost graces of simplicity :  
 So rural beauties captivate our sense  
 With virgin-charms and native excellence. 40  
 Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,  
 'Till by mens envy to the world reveal'd ;  
 For wits industrious to their trouble seem,  
 And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45

Live and enjoy their spite ! nor mourn that fate,  
 Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait ;  
 Whose muse did once, like thine, in plains delight ;  
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight.  
 So larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50  
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr. POPE, on his WINDSOR-FOREST.

**H**AIL, sacred bard ! a muse unknown before  
 Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.  
 To our dark world thy shining page is shown,  
 And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.  
 The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5  
 And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here :  
 A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,  
 The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,  
 And China's earth was cast on common fand :  
 Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10  
 And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted  
 bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd ; and now we boast  
 A nobler cargo on our barren coast :  
 From thy luxuriant FOREST we receive  
 More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,  
 What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage !  
 The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,  
 Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.  
 Nor half so true the fair Lodiœa shows  
 The sylvan state that on her border grows, 20

While

While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains  
 With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains ;  
 Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpafs,  
 The living scene is in the muse's glafs. 25  
 Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,  
 When Philomela sings and warbles there,  
 Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,  
 And give us harmony as well as shades :  
 A Titian's hand might draw the grove, but you 30  
 Can paint the grove, and add the music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine ;  
 A new creation starts in every line.  
 How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,  
 And make a doubtful scene of shade and light 35 }  
 And give at once the day, at once the night ! }  
 And here again what sweet confusion reigns,  
 In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains !  
 And see ! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,  
 And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom : 40  
 Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,  
 And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man who strings his tuneful lyre,  
 Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields in-  
 spire !

Thrice happy you ! and worthy best to dwell 45  
 Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.  
 I in a cold, and in a barren clime,  
 Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme, }  
 Here on the western beach attempt to chime. }  
 O joyless flood ! O rough tempestuous main ! 50  
 Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene !

Snatch me, ye gods ! from these Atlantic shores,  
 And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bow'rs ;  
 Or to my much-lov'd Isis' walk convey,  
 And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55  
 Thence let me view the venerable scene,  
 The awful dome, the groves eternal green :  
 Where sacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,  
 And brought the muses to the sylvan seat,  
 Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the classic store, 60  
 And made that music which was noise before.

There with illustrious bards I spent my days,  
Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise ;  
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,  
Nor envy'd Windsor in the soft abode. 65

The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,  
And tuneful bards beguil'd the tedious day :  
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd  
That Maro taught, or Addison inspir'd.

Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string : 70  
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing ?

Rous'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,

I rise, and wander through the field or plain ;  
Led by thy muse, from sport to sport I run,  
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.

Ah ! how I melt with pity, when I spy, 75  
On the cold earth, the flutt'ring pheasant lie ;  
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,  
And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by ; 80 }  
But while the prancing steed allures my eye,  
He starts, he's gone ! and now I see him fly }  
O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,  
Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.  
Oh could thy Virgil from his orb look down, 85  
He'd view a courser that might match his own !  
Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,  
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.  
Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale ?

The soft complaint shall over time prevail ; 90  
The tale be told, when shades forfake her shore,  
The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old Thames ! forbear to shine,  
At once the subject and the song divine.  
Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n Briton's more  
Than all their shouts for victory before. 95

Oh ! could Britannia imitate thy stream,  
The world should tremble at her awful name :  
From various springs divided waters glide,  
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide, 100

Murmur

Murmur along their crooked banks a while,  
 At once they murmur, and enrich the isle ;  
 A while distinct through many channels run,  
 But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one ;  
 There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names, 105  
 And make one glorious, and immortal Thames.

FR. KNAPP.

---

To Mr. POPE.

*In imitation of a Greek epigram on HOMER.*

When Phœbus, and the nine harmonious maids,  
 Of old assembled in the Thespian shades ;  
 What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,  
 Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear ?  
 Reply'd the god ; “ Your loftiest notes employ, 5  
 “ To sing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy.”  
 The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse ;  
 Then ask, who wrought that miracle of verse ?  
 He answer'd with a frown, “ I now reveal  
 “ A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal : 10  
 “ Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,  
 “ I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,  
 “ Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring Greek and blind,  
 “ Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind ;  
 “ And fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,  
 “ From me the god of wit, usurp'd the bays. 16  
 “ But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,  
 “ Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name ;  
 “ Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,  
 “ And the white isle with female pow'r is blest ; 20  
 “ Fame, I forsee, will make reprisals there,  
 “ And the translator's palm to me transfer.  
 “ With less regret my claim I now decline,  
 “ The world will think his English Iliad mine.”

E. FENTON.

## To Mr. POPE.

**T**O praise, and still with just respect to praise  
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,  
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,  
Yet still preserve the province of the friend ;  
What life, what vigour must the lines require ? 5  
What music tune them, what affection fire ?

O might thy genius in my bosom shine ;  
Thou shouldest not fail of numbers worthy thine ;  
The brightest ancients might at once agree  
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10

Horace himself would own thou dost excel  
In candid arts to play the critic well.  
Qvid himself might wish to sing the dame  
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream :  
On silver feet, with annual ofier crown'd, 15  
She runs for ever through poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,  
Made by the muse the envy of the fair ?  
Less shone the tresses Ægypt's princess wore,  
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20  
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds ;  
Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods.  
The new machines, in names of ridicule,  
Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool.  
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art, 25  
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart.  
The graces stand in fight ; a satire-train  
Peeps o'er their head, and laugh's behind the scene.

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits  
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits ; 30  
And sits in measures such as Virgil's muse  
To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.  
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,  
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he ;  
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wise, 35  
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize ?

Rapt

Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,  
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.

Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,  
Parent of flowerets, old Arcadia, hail !

Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,  
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head :  
Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,  
Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze !

Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring,  
Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,  
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat ;  
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,  
And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 40  
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,  
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne ;  
In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,  
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd ;  
His language failing, wrapt him round with night ;  
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light. 50  
So wealthy mines, that, ages long before,  
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,  
When chok'd by sinking banks, no more appear,  
And shepherds only say, *The mines were here :* 60  
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,  
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)  
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein ;  
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs ! 65  
How ev'ry music varies in thy lines !  
Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,  
And rise in raptures by another's heat.  
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,  
While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70  
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,  
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest :  
The shades resound with song — O softly tread,  
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend — and when a friend inspires,  
My silent harp its master's hand requires ; 76

Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound ;  
 For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground :  
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,  
 From wit, from learning — very far from thee. 80  
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf ;  
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf ;  
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,  
 Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet ;  
 Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood, 85  
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.  
 Yet here Content can dwell, and learned ease,  
 A friend delight me, and an author please ;  
 Ev'n here I sing, when POPE supplies the theme,  
 Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

## To Mr. POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,  
 Or speaking marbles, to record their praise ;  
 And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)  
 The mimic feature on the breathing stone ;  
 Mere mortals ; subject to death's total sway, 5  
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day !

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,  
 A monument which worth alone can raise :  
 Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust  
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust : 10  
 Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky  
 Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die :  
 Then sink together in the world's last fires,  
 What Heav'n created, and what Heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,  
 With human transport touch the mighty dead, 15  
 Shakespear, rejoice ! his hand thy page refines ;  
 Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines ;  
 Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought ;  
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote ; 20

Prun'd

Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,  
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,  
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,  
A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25  
Some latent grace, and equals art with art ;  
Transported we survey the dubious strife,  
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre  
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire ? 30  
This you beheld ; and, taught by heav'n to sing,  
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.  
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,  
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,  
Tours o'er the field of death ; as fierce he turns,  
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns ; 36  
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,  
He strides along, and meets the gods in fight :  
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,  
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores, 40  
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,  
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts,  
To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay ;  
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play ;  
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45  
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies ;  
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,  
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.  
Thus, like the radiant god who shades the day,  
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way ; 50  
And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,  
Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great bard ! awake th' harmonious string,  
Be ours all Homer ! still Ulysses sing.  
How long that hero \*, by unskilful hands, 55  
Strip'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands ?  
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,  
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost :

\* *Odyssley*, lib. xvi.

O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread ;  
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head ; 60  
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd  
 The glance divine, forth beaming from the mind.  
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold  
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold ; 64  
 Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves  
 With grace divine, and like a god he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the muses train,  
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain ;  
 Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,  
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire : 70  
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,  
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right :  
 Like theirs, our friendship ! and I boast my name  
 To thine united — for thy friendship's fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75  
 While hov'ring angels listen on the wing.  
 To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,  
 As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies :  
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,  
 From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws : 80  
 Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend :  
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend,  
 And men more fierce : when Orpheus tunes the lay,  
 Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME..

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To Mr. POPE..

*On the publishing his WORKS.*

**H**E comes, he comes ! bid ev'ry bard prepare  
 The song of triumph, and attend his car.  
 Great Sheffield's muse the long procession heads,  
 And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,  
 First gives the palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5  
 Crowns his gay brow, and shows him how to reign.

Thus

Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,  
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought :  
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,  
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a god. 10

But hark, what shouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice !

Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,  
Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,  
When prostitutes, or needy flatt'rers sue.  
And see the chief ! before him laurels borne ; 15  
Trophies from undeserving temples torn ;  
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there  
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,  
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,  
Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page ?  
Three lovely virgins, and of equal age ;  
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,  
As he that met his likeness in the stream :  
The GRACES these ; and see how they contend, 25  
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The chariot now the painful steep ascends,  
The Pæans cease ; thy glorious labour ends.  
Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple stands,  
Its prospect an unbounded view commands : 30  
Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,  
What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muse ?  
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,  
Though ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine,  
(From the proud epic, down to those that shade 35  
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid),  
Go to the good and just, an awful train,  
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the fane :  
While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,  
" Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies." 40

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr. POPE.

From ROME, M DCC XXX.

Immortal Bard ! for whom each muse has wove  
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove ;  
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,  
 When Addison and Congreve are no more ;  
 After so many stars extinct in night, 5  
 The dark'ned ages last remaining light !  
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,  
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit ;  
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,  
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost ; 10  
 From tyrants, and from priests, the muses fly,  
 Daughters of reason and of liberty.  
 Nor Baiae now, nor Umbria's plain they love,  
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincia rove ;  
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire, 15  
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.  
 So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer-rays,  
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,  
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain  
 Of gloomy winter's unauspicious reign, 20  
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,  
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.  
 Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state  
 Has felt the worst severity of Fate :  
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke, 25  
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;  
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,  
 Her cities desert, and her fields unfown ;  
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,  
 That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30  
 That there the source of Science flows no more,  
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.  
 Illustrious names ! that once in Latium shin'd,  
 Born to instruct, and to command mankind ;

Chiefs,

Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd, 35  
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd !  
Oft I the traces you have left explore,  
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;  
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,  
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ; 40  
Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see  
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,  
While with th' inspiring muse my bosom glow'd,  
Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45  
Beheld the poet's awful form arise :

Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid  
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,  
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,  
To Pope this message from his master bear : 50

Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,  
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,  
If high exalted on the throne of wit,  
Near Me and Homer thou aspire to sit,  
No more let meaner satire dim the rays 55  
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;  
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,  
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;  
Nor, when each soft engaging muse is thine,  
Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise  
A lasting column to thy country's praise,  
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast  
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;  
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid, 65  
And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.  
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,  
Such was the people whose exploits I sung ;  
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,  
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd ;  
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway, 70  
But pleas'd, a mild Augustus to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,  
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;  
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,  
And howl with furies in tormenting fire;  
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,  
And join the Patriot's to the Poet's praise.

75

GEORGE LYTTELTON.



UVENILE

73

NO. 22. 1792. A.D.

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## JUVENILE

## P O E M S.

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### P A S T O R A L S,

W I T H

### A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

Written in the Year M DCC IV.

*Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,  
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius.* VIRG.

### A Discourse on PASTORAL POETRY \*.

HERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called *pastorals*; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of poem; and it is my design to comprise in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ;

\* Written at sixteen years of age.

and a few remarks, which I think have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral \*. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons; from whom it received the name of *pastoral*.

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both †; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic; the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing; the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity ‡, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to

\* Fontenelle's disc. on *Pastorals*.

† Heinsius in *Theocr.*

‡ Rapin de *carm. past.* p. 2. says to copy *ancient* *poetry* *as* *it* *was* *written* *in* *the* *time* *of* *the* *poets*.

take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the *golden age*. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: And it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short \*, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But, with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these compositions natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered †. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest, by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight: For what is inviting in this sort of poetry, proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion, to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries ‡. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject, that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them, a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our

\* Rapin reflex. sur l'art. poet. d'Arist. p. 2. ref. 27.

† Pref. to Virg. past. in Dryd. Virg.

‡ Fontenelle's disc. of pastorals.

view, which should likewise have its variety \*. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of pastoral), that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen † as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions; of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective; for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: And in all points where judgement is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have

\* See the forementioned preface.

† *Oenomaus*, idyl. 10.. and *Aeneas*, idyl. 21.

a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to \*. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity, and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make the ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his Aminta has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his Gierusalem he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil †; not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough; for the tetraistic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was

\* Rapin ref. on Artist. part 2. ref. 27. — Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.

† "Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

nsed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: Whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself: He compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: Whence it comes to pass, that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident; because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, That these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: That, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works, as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING.

# SPRING;

## THE FIRST PASTORAL:

O R,

## D A M O N.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

**F**IRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,  
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful  
plains:

Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,  
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing;  
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play, 5  
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,  
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,  
And carrying with you all the world can boast,  
To all the world illustriously are lost! 10

Olet

### REMARKS.

These pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, Sir William Trumbull, Dr. Garth, Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and others. All these gave our author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. Walsh, whom Mr. Dryden, in his postscript to Virgil, calls the best critic of his age. "The author," says he, "seems to have a particular genius for this kind of poetry, " and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken " very freely from the ancients. But what he has mixed of his " own with theirs, is no way inferior to what he has taken from " them. It is not flattery at all to say, that Virgil had written " nothing so good at his age. His preface is very judicious and

### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Prima Syracosia dignata est ludere versu,*

*Nosra nec erubuit sylvos habere Thalia.*

Ecl. 6.

This is the general exordium and opening of the pastorals, in imitation of the sixth of Virgil, which some have therefore not improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three pastorals, he imitates expressly those

O let my muse her slender reed inspire,  
 'Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :  
 So when the nightingale to rest removes,  
 The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,  
 But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,  
 And all th' aëreal audience clap their wings. 15

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,  
 Two swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,

Pour'd

#### REMARKS.

" learned." *Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Ap. 1705.* The Lord Lansdown, about the same time, mentioning the youth of our poet, says, (in a printed letter of the character of Mr. Wycherley), " that if he goes on as he hath begun in the pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English poetry vie with the Roman," &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The ransom for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walsh, about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem, except in these pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.

*Sir William Trumbull.*] Our author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years. He was under sixteen; but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resigned his empiement of Secretary of State to King William.

*Ver. 12. In your native shades.*] Sir W. Trumbull was born in Windsor-Forest, to which he retreated, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to King William III.

*Ver. 17. &c.*] The scene of this pastoral a valley, the time the morning. It stood originally thus:

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades reti'd,  
 Both warm'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd;

#### IMITATIONS.

which now stand first of the three chief poets in this kind, Spenser, Virgil, Theocritus.

A shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name) —

Beneath the shade a sp eading beech displays, —

Thyrsis, the music of that murmur'ring spring, —

are manifestly imitations of

— A shepherd's boy (no better do him call)

— Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi, Ecl. 7.

— Άδη τι τὸ Ψεύτικον οὐ πίτυς, αἰπέλα, τίβα.

Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,  
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair : 20  
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,  
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

*Daph.* Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,  
With joyous music, wake the dawning day !  
Why fit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25  
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?  
Why fit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,  
And lavish Nature paints the purple year ?

*Streph.* Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,  
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30  
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow ;  
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.  
I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,  
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

*Daph.* And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,  
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines : 36  
Four figures rising from the work appear,  
The various seasons of the rolling year ;  
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,  
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie ? 40

#### REMARKS.

Fresh as the morn, and as the sea on fair,  
In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care ;  
And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,  
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

#### VARIATIONS.

Ver. 34. The first reading was,  
And his own image from the bank surveys.

Ver. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35, 36.

*Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,*

*Diffusos bedera vestit pallente corymbos.*

Virg. Ecl. 3.

Ver. 38. *The various seasons*] The subject of these pastorals, engraven on the bowl, is not without its propriety. The shepherd's hesitation at the name of the Zodiac, imitates that in Virgil,

*Et quis fuit alter,  
Descripsit radios totum qui gentibus orbem ?*

Ecl. 3.

*Dam.*

*Dam.* Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing ;  
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,  
 Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground :  
 Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound. 44

*Streph.* Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,  
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays !  
 A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,  
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

*Daph.* O Love ! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,  
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes ; 50  
 No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,  
 Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

*Streph.* Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,  
 Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;  
 But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55  
 And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

*Daph.* The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,  
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;  
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies, 60  
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes ! 60

## REMARKS.

Ver. 46. *Granville*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his poems; most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,  
 Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise ;  
 But if I conquer, and augment my fold,  
 Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 41. *Then sing by turns*,] Literally from Virgil.

*Alteris dicens, amant alterna Camœnae :*

*Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos ;*

*Nunc front'ent hylæ, nunc formosissimus annus.* Ecl. 3.

Ver. 47. *A milk-white bull*] Virg. — *Pasite taurum,*

*Quæ corræ petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam.* Ecl. 3.

Ver. 58. *She runs, but hopes*] Imitation of Virgil,

*Italo me Galatea petit, lasciva tuella ;*

*Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante vicis.* Ecl. 3.

Streph.

*Streph.* O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,  
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;  
Bles'd Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,  
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

*Daph.* Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves; 65  
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;  
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,  
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

*Streph.* All nature mourns, the skies silent in  
flow'rs,  
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;  
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71  
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

*Daph.* All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and  
fair,  
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;  
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75  
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

*Streph.* In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love  
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove;

#### VARIATIONS.

Ver. 61. It stood thus at first:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,  
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast;  
Bles'd Thames's shores, &c.

Ver. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,  
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties show:  
Then die; and dying teach the lovely maid,  
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

*Daph.* Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,  
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song:  
To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,  
For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

Ver. 69. &c. These verses were thus at first.

All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,  
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply;  
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,  
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 69. *All nature mourns,* ]

Virg. *Aret ager, viito moriens sicut aëris herba,* &c.  
*Phyllidis adventu nocte nemus amne virebit.*

Ecl. 7.

But

But Delia always; absent from her sight,  
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

*Daph.* Sylvia's like autumn, ripe, yet mild as May;  
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;  
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;  
But bleſſ'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

*Streph.* Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil ap-  
pears, 85

A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears?  
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,  
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

*Daph.* Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields  
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields? 90  
And then a nobler prize I will resign;  
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia shall be thine.

*Dam.* Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree  
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:  
Bleſſ'd swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;  
Bleſſ'd nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so  
well! 96

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,  
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;  
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,  
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.  
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend, 101  
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

#### REMARKS.

Ver. 86. *A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears?*] An al-  
lusion to the royal oak, in which Charles II. had been hid  
from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester.

#### VARIATIONS.

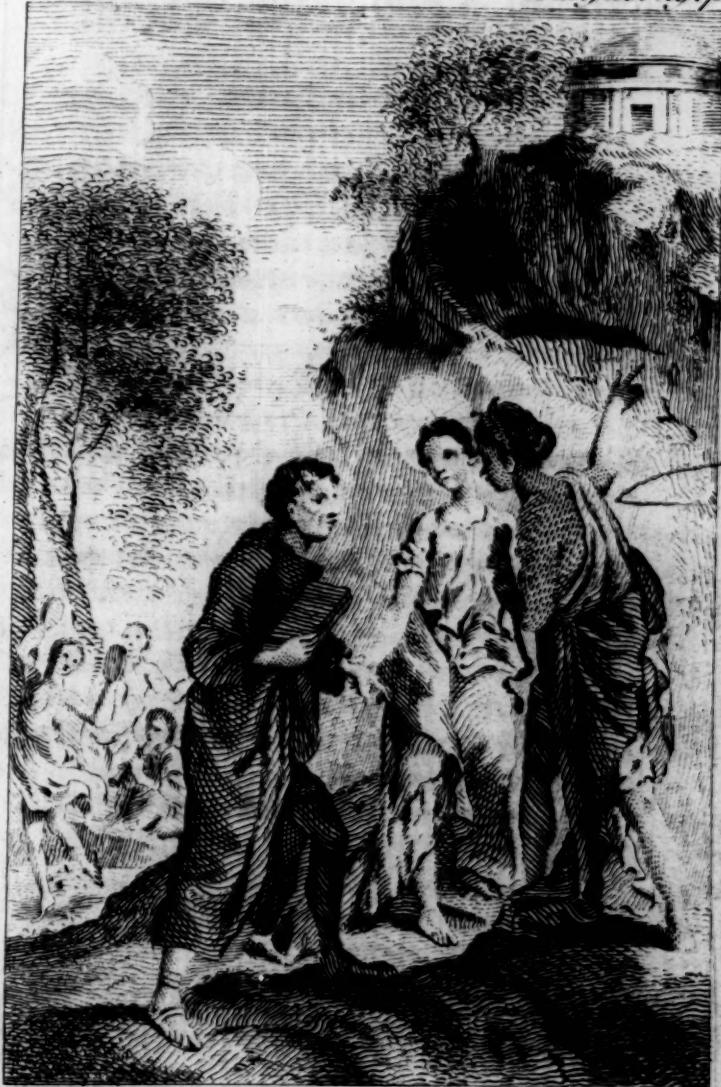
Ver. 99. was originally,

The turf with country-dainties shall be spread,  
And trees with twining branches shade your head.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 90. *The thistle springs, to which the lily yields?*] Alludes  
to the device of the Scots monarchs, the thistle, worn by Queen  
Anne; and to the arms of France, the fleur de lys. The two  
riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. ecl. 3.

*Dic quibus in terris inscripti monina regum  
Nascentur flores, et Phyllida solus habet o?*



Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.



## S U M M E R;

## THE SECOND PASTORAL:

O R,

A L E X I S.

To Dr. GARTH.

**A** Shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name)  
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,  
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,  
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.  
 Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,  
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,  
 The Naiads wept in every wat'ry bow'r,  
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

## REMARKS.

Ver. 3. The scene of this pastoral by the river's side; suitable to the heat of the season; the time noon.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition.

A faithful swain, whom love had taught to sing,  
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;  
 Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads  
 Through verdant forest, and through flow'ry meads.

Ver. 3. originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,  
 And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. *And Jove consented]*

*Jupiter et lets descendet plurimus imbri.*

Virg. ecl. 7.

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† D

Accept,

Accept, O GARTH, the Mûse's early lays,  
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays ; 10  
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,  
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,  
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,  
To you I mourn ; nor to the deaf I sing, 15  
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.  
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,  
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they ?  
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,  
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20  
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,  
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,  
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love ?  
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25  
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides ?  
As in the crystal spring I view my face,  
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass ;

But

## REMARKS.

Ver. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of the author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.

Ver. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.*] Is a line out of Spenser's *Epithalamion*.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 27. Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,  
And equall'd Hylas, if the glass be true :

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 15. *nor to the deaf I sing.*] *Non canimus surâi', respondent omnia sylvæ.* Vir. ecl. 18.

Ver. 23. *Where stray ye, Muses, &c.*] *Quae nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ*

*I aüades, indigno cum Gallus amore perirei ?*

*Non neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Finni*

*Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.*

Virg. out of Theoc.

Ver. 27. Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus.  
*super me in littore vidi,*

But since those graces please thy eyes no more,  
I shun the fountains which I sought before.

30.

Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,  
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning-dew;  
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,  
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,  
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:

35.

But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,  
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.

That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath  
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:

40.

He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same

That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:

But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,

For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.

Oh! were I made, by some transforming pow'r,  
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!

Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,  
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,  
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:  
The nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,  
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring!  
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,  
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.

## REMARKS.

Ver. 39. *Colin.*] The name taken by Spenser in his eclogues, where his mistrel is celebrated under that of *Rosalinda*.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29. But since those graces meet my eyes no more,  
I shun, &c.

## IMITATIONS.

*Cum placidum aenis flaret mare; non ergo Daphnem,*  
*Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago.* Ecl. 2.

Ver. 40. *bequeath'd in dea'b, &c.]*

*Est mibi disparibus septem compacta cicuta*  
*Fistula, Dametas dono mibi quam dedit olim,*  
*Et dexit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.*

Ibid.

## PASTORALS.

For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,  
And in one garland all their beauties join ;  
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,  
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear !

Descending gods have found Elysium here.

In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,  
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.

Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,  
When swains from shearing seek their nightly bow'rs ;  
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,

And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.

This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,

But in my breast the serpent Love abides.

Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,

But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.

Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,

The mossy fountains, and the green retreats !

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,

Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade :

Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,

And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

Oh ! how I long with you to pass my days,

Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise !

Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,

And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.

55

60

70

75

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,  
And lust'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which Spenser himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 60. *Descending gods have found Elysium here.]*

*Habitarunt di quoque sylvas* — Ecl. 2.

*Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit aonis.* Ecl. 10.

Ver. 80. *And wind's shall waft, &c.]*

*Partem aliquam venti, divum riferatis ad aures!* Ecl. 3.

But

But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,  
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,  
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,  
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall !

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85  
The lowing herds to murmur'ring brooks, retreat,  
To closer shades the panting flocks remove ;  
Ye gods ! and is there no relief for love ?  
But soon the sun with milder rays descends  
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends : 90  
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,  
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 88. Ye gods, &c.]

*Me tamen urit amor ; quis enim modus adfuit amori ?*

Ecl. 2.



A U T U M N ;  
 THE THIRD PASTORAL :  
 O R ,  
 H Y L A S A N D Æ G O N .

To Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,  
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays ;  
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,  
 And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.  
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring ; 5  
 Hylas' and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,  
 The art of Terence, and Menander's fire ;  
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,  
 Whose judgement sways us, and whose spirit warms !  
 Oh, skill'd in nature ! see the hearts of swains, 11  
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,  
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light ;

REMARKS.

This pastoral consists of two parts, like the 8th of Virgil : The scene, a hill ; the time at sun-set.

Ver. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of comedies ; of which the most celebrated were, the *Plain-dealer* and *Country wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was, that he had too much. However, he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve ; though with a little more correctness.

When

When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,  
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.  
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !  
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.  
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,  
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores ;  
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,  
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !  
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song :  
For her the limes their pleasing shades deny :  
For her the lilies hang their heads and die.  
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,  
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,  
Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,  
Say, is not absence death to those who love ?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !  
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay ;  
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,  
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.  
What have I said ? where'er my Delia flies,  
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise ;  
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,  
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !  
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning-song,  
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,  
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.  
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,  
Not balmy sleep to lab'lers faint with pain,  
Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee,  
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 37. — *Aurea dure*  
*Mala ferant quercus ; narcissò floreat alnus ;*  
*Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myrica.* Virg. ecl. 8.

Ver. 43. &c.]  
*Quale sopor fessis in gramine ; quale per aësium*  
*Dukis aquæ saliente fulm restinguere rivo.* Ecl. 5.

*Quale sopor fessis in gramine ; quale per aësium*

Go,

## PASTORALS.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !  
 Come, Delia, come ; ah, why this long delay ?  
 Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,  
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50  
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooth's my mind !  
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind ?  
 She comes, my Delia comes ! — Now cease my lay,  
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away !

Next *Ægon* sung, while Windsor-groves admir'd ;  
 Rehearfe, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd. 56

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !  
 Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain :  
 Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,  
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies ; 60  
 While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,  
 In their loose traces from the field retreat :  
 While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,  
 And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay ! 65  
 Beneath yon poplar oft we paſſ'd the day :  
 Oft on the riad I carv'd her am'rous vows,  
 While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs :  
 The garlands fade, the vows are worn away ;  
 So dies her love, and ſo my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !  
 Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain ;  
 Now golden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,  
 And grateful clusters ſwell with floods of wine ;  
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove : 75  
 Just gods ! ſhall all things yield returns but love ?

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 48. originally thus in the MS.

With him through Libya's burning plains I'll go,  
 On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal ſnow ;  
 Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,  
 And dread no coldneſs but in Thyrſis' heart.

Ver. 64. And the fleet shades fly gliding o'er the green.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 52.—*An qui amant, ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt?* Virg. ecl. 8.

Resound,

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !  
 The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey" —  
 Ah ! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,  
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80  
 Pan came, and ask'd, What magic caus'd my smart,  
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?  
 What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move ?  
 And is there magic but what dwells in love ! 84

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains !  
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.  
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,  
 Forsake mankind, and all the world — but love !  
 I know thee, Love ! on foreign mountains bred,  
 Wolves gave thee fuck, and savage tygers fed. 90  
 Thou wert from Aetna's burning entrails torn,  
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born !

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !  
 Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day !  
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95  
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains !

Thus fung the shepherds till th' approach of night,  
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,  
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,  
 And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 83. What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r on me !  
 Oh mighty Love ! what magic is like thee ?

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 82. Or what ill eyes]

*Nesia quis teneros oculos mibi fascinat agnos.* Virg. eccl. 3.

Ver. 89.

*Nunc si io quid' sit Amor. Duris in cotibus illum, &c.* Ecl. 8.



WINTER;

# WINTER;

## THE FOURTH PASTORAL:

OR,

DAPHNE.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

## LYCIDAS.

**T**HYRSIS, the music of that murmur'ring spring  
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing,  
 Nor rivers winding through the vales below,  
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.  
 Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces ly,  
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,  
 Whilst silent birds forget their tuneful lays,  
 Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise !

## REMARKS.

*Winter;* This was the poet's favourite pastoral.

*Mrs. Tempest.* This lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the author's friend Mr. Walsh, who, having celebrated her in a pastoral elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706. "Your last eclogue being on the same subject with mine, on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 5. &c. stood at first thus :

In the warm folds the tender flocks remain,  
 The cattle slumber on the silent plain,  
 While silent birds neglect their tuneful lays,  
 Let us, dear Thyrsis, sing of Daphne's praise.

Thyrsis.

*Thyrsis.* Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,

Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 15  
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,  
 That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain ?  
 Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,  
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

*Lyc.* So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,  
 And swell the future harvest of the field. 16  
 Begin ; this charge the dying Daphne gave,  
 And said, " Ye shepherds, sing around my grave !"  
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,  
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

*Thyr.* Ye gentle muses, leave your crystal spring,  
 Let nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring ;  
 Ye weeping loves, the stream with myrtles hide,  
 And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd ;  
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25  
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone :

" Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,  
 " Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more ! "

'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay,  
 See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day ! 30  
 Now hung with pearls the drooping trees appear,  
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.  
 See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,  
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.  
 Ah what avail the beauties Nature wore ? 35  
 Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more !

#### VARIATIONS.

Ver. 20. originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd since you are gone ;  
 Behold the clouds have put their mourning on.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 13. *Thames heard, &c.*]

*Audierat Enrotas, iussitque ediscere lauros.* Virg. eccl. 6.

Ver. 23, 24, 25.

*Inducite fontibus umbras*

*Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen.*

Ecl. 5.

For

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,  
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,  
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,  
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own ;  
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies, 41  
 Silent, or only to her name replies ;  
 Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,  
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more !

No grateful dews descend from ev'nning skies, 45  
 Nor morning-odours from the flow'rs arise ;  
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,  
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.  
 The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,  
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath ; 50  
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store !  
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetnes is no more !

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,  
 Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings ;  
 No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55  
 Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays :  
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,  
 A sweeter music than their own to hear ;  
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,  
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more ! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,  
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees ;  
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,  
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood ;  
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65  
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears ;  
 The winds, and trees, and floods her death deplore,  
 Daphne, our grief ! our glory now no more !

But see ! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high,  
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky ! 70

## VARIATIONS.

V.r. 37. For her the flocks the dewy herbs disdain,  
 Her dallying heifers graze the tender plain.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 69, 70. — *natur limen Olym i,  
 Sub pedibusque videt nubes et fides à Dapnīs.* Virg. eccl. 5.

Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,  
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!  
There while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,  
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,  
Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75  
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

*Lyc.* How all things listen, while thy muse complains!

Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,  
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze  
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80  
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,  
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.  
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,  
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

*Thyr.* But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews; 85  
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;  
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,  
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.  
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;  
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves; 90  
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;  
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

## REMARKS.

Ver. 89. &c.] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 83. originally thus in the MS.

While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,  
Thy honour, name, and praise shall never end.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 81. ————— illius uram

*Sæpe tener nostris ab ovibus imbuet agnus.* Virg. Eccl. 1.

Ver. 83. Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,

*Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ;*

*Semper bonos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*

Virg. Eccl. 5.

Ver. 86. ————— solet esse gravis can'antibus umbra;

*Juniperi gravis umbra.* ————— Virg. Eccl. 10.

## MESSIAH,

A

## SACRED ECLOGUE.

In Imitation of VIRGIL's POLLIO.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect that the eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

MESSIAH.

# MESSIAH.

YE nymphs of Selyma ! begin the song :  
To heav'ly themes sublimer strains belong.  
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,  
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maid's,  
Delight no more — O thou my voice inspire,  
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the bard begun :  
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son !  
From \* Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies. 10  
Th' æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
And on its top descends the mystic dove.  
Ye + heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !  
The + sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15  
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;  
Returning || Justice lift aloft her scale ;

## REMARKS.

Ver. 17. *ancient fraud*] i. e. the fraud of the Serpent.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. *A virgin shall conceive, — All crimes shall cease, &c.* ]  
Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 6.

*Jam redit et virgo, redunt Saturnia regna ;*

*Jam nova progenies caelo demittitur aho.*

*Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,*

*Irita perperua solvent formidine terras —*

*Pacatumque reget patris vi tutibus o. bem.*

“ Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn re-  
“ turns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven.  
“ By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain, shall  
“ be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He  
“ shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his fa-  
“ ther.”

Isaiah vii. 14. “ Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a  
“ son. — Chap. ix. 6. 7. Unto us a child is born, unto us a son  
“ is given; the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his go-  
“ vernment, and of his peace, there shall be no end; upon the  
“ throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to e-  
“ stablish it with judgment and with justice, for ever and ever.

\* M. xi. 1. + Chap. xlvi. 8. + Chap. xxv. 4. || Chap. ix. 7.

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20  
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !  
 Oh spring to light, auspicious babe, be born !  
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :  
 See \* lofty Lebanon his head advance, 25  
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :  
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,  
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !  
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;  
 Prepare the † way ! a God, a God appears : 30  
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !  
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise !  
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ! 35  
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !  
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :  
 Hear † him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !

He

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23. See *nature baster*, &c.]

Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 18.

*At tibi prima, puer, nullo manuscula cultu,  
 Errantes hederae passim cum bacca tellus,  
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho —  
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent curvula flores.*

“ For the, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offering ; winding ivy, mixed with bacca, and colocasia with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.”

If. xxxv. 1. “ The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad ; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.”  
 Chap. ix. 13. “ The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary.”

Ver. 29. *Hark ! a glad voice*, &c.]

Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 46.

*Aggeretere & magnos, aderit j-m tempus, hordei,  
 Cara deum soberos, magnum Jovis incrementum —  
 Ipsa latiria voces ad sidera jactant  
 Intonati montes, ipsae jam carmina rufes,  
 Ipsa sonant auras, Deus, deus ille, Menalea !*

\* If. xxxv. 2.

† Chap. xl. 3, 4.

Ecl. 5. ver. 62.

† Chap. xlvi. 18.

He \* from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day : 40  
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :  
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45  
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.  
In † adamantine chains shall Death be bound,  
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
As the good ‡ Shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50  
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,  
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;  
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :  
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55  
The promis'd || father of the future age.  
No more shall † nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriours meet with hateful eyes,  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er;  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60  
But useless lances into fithes shall bend,  
And the broad faulchion in a ploughshare end.  
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful \*\* son  
Shall finish what his short-liv'd fire begun ;

## IMITATIONS.

" Oh come and receive the mighty honours : the time draws  
" nigh, O beloved offspring of the gods, O great increase of  
" Jove ! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the  
" stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A  
" God, a God !"

If. xl. 3, 4. " The voice of him that crieth in the wilder-  
" ness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the  
" desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted,  
" and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the  
" crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain."  
Chap. xliv. 23. " Break forth into singing, ye mountains ! O  
" forest, and every tree therein ! for the Lord hath redeemed  
" Israel."

\* If. xxxv. 5, 6.

† Chap. xxv. 8.

‡ Chap. xl. 11.

|| Chap. ix. 6.

‡ Chap. ii. 4.

\*\* Chap. lxv. 21, 22.

Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65  
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.  
 The swain in barren \* deserts with surprise  
 Sees lilies spring; and sudden verdure rise,  
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
 New falls of water murmur'ring in his ear. 70  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
 Wast sandy † valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,  
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;  
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palm succeed, 75  
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
 The ‡ lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
 And boys in flow'ry banks the tiger lead!  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless || serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 67. *The swain in barren deserts*] Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 28.

*Molli paulatim flavescent campus arista,  
 Inculisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,  
 Et durae queuis sudabunt rosida mel'a.*

" The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red  
 " grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks  
 " shall distil honey like dew."

Is. xxxv. 7. " The parched ground shall become a pool, and  
 " the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitations where  
 " dragons lay, shall be grafts, and reeds, and rushes." Chap. iv.  
 33. " Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and in-  
 " stead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree."

Ver. 77. *The lambs with wolves, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 21.

*Ipse latet domum referent difter'a capellae  
 Ubera, nec magnes metuunt armenta leones —  
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba venen'i  
 Ocidet —*

" The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with  
 " milk; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The  
 " serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die."

Is. xi. 16. &c. " The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the  
 " leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the  
 " young lion, and the fattering together: And a little child shall  
 " lead them. — And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And  
 " the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the  
 " weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice."

\* Is. xxxv. 3. 7.

† Chap. xi. 6, 7, 8.

Chap. xli. 19. and lxv. 13.

|| Chap. lxv. 25.

The

The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,  
 And with their fork'y tongue shall innocently play.  
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial \* Salem rise ! 85  
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !  
 See, a long † race thy spacious courts adorn ;  
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies ! 90  
 See barb'rous nations ‡ at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;  
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
 And heap'd with products of || Sabæan springs !  
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.  
 No more the rising † sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ; 100  
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superiour rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !  
 The \*\* feas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ; 105  
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains :  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

## IMITATIONS,

Ver. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise !*] The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his Pollio.

*Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo !*

*—toto forget gens aurea mundo !*

*—incipient magni procedere menses !*

*Alpice venturo laetentur ut omnia seculo ! &c.*

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

\* *Is. ix. 1.*      † *Chap. ix. 4.*

‡ *Chap. ix. 3.*

|| *Chap. ix. 6.*      † *Chap. ix. 19, 20.* \*\* *Chap. li. 6.* — *liv. 10.*

## WINDSOR FOREST.

To the Right Honourable  
GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

*Non injussa cano : te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,  
Te nemus omne canet ; nec Phœbo gravior ulla est,  
Quam sibi qua Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

VIRG.

**T**HY forest, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,  
At once the monarch's and the Muse's seats,  
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids !  
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.  
GRANVILLE commands ; your aid, O Muses, bring !  
What muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing ? 6

The groves of Eden vanish'd now so long,  
Live in description, and look green in song :  
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,  
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10  
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,  
Here earth and water seem to strive again ;  
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,  
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd :  
Where order in variety we see, 15  
And where, though all things differ, all agree.

## NOTES.

This poem was written at two different times : The first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1714, at the same time with the pastorals : The latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 3. &c. originally thus.

Chaste goddesses of the woods,  
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,  
Lead me through arching bow'rs and glimm'ring glades,  
Unlock your springs

Here

Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,  
 And part admit, and part exclude the day:  
 As some coy nymph her lover's warn address,  
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20  
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,  
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.  
 Here in full light the rufset plains extend:  
 There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.  
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25  
 And, 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise;  
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,  
 Like verdant isles the fable waste adorn.  
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we  
 The weeping amber or the balmy tree, 30  
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,  
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.  
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,  
 Though gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,  
 Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35  
 Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.  
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;  
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground;  
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,  
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; 40  
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,  
 And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,  
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,  
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45  
 And kings more furious and severe than they;  
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,  
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods;

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 25. originally thus.

Why should I sing our better suns or air,  
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,  
 While through fresh fields th' enliv'ning odeurs brea;he,  
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

Cities

Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,  
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves). 50  
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,  
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?  
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,  
Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;  
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55  
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.  
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain,  
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?  
Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,  
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60  
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,  
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:  
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,  
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.  
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65  
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:  
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;  
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;  
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;  
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind; 70  
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,  
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.

Aw'd

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran,  
(For who first shap'd to be a slave was man).

Ver. 57. &amp;c. No wonder savages or subjects slain —

But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus; but the word *savages* is not properly applied to beasts, but to men; which occasioned the alteration.

Ver. 72. And wolves with howling fill, &amp;c.]

The author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror.

## NOTES.

Ver. 65. *The fields are ravish'd, &c.]* Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there, by William I.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 65. *The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains  
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:]*

Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,  
Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,  
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod, 75  
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.

Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,  
The wanton victims of his sport remain.

But see, the man, whose spacious regions gave  
A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave ! 80  
Stretch'd on the land his second hope survey,  
At once the chaser, and at once the prey :  
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,  
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.

Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85  
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise ;  
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,  
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,  
The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain,  
And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain. 90  
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddes, rears  
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous swains ! while youth ferment's your  
blood,  
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,  
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95  
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.  
When milder autumn's heat succeeds,  
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 91. Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,  
With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age !  
Still spread, fair Liberty ! thy leav'nly wings,  
Breathe plenty on the felds, and fragrance on the  
springs.

Ver. 97. When yellow autumn's heat succeeds,  
And into wine the purple harvest bleeds,  
The partridge feeding in the new-shorn felds,  
Both morning-sports and ev'ning-pleasures yields.

## IMITATIONS.

Translated from

*Timpis ad mit' cibis, feru civibus, arena coloris.*  
an old Monkish writer, I forget who.

Befor

Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,  
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;  
 But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101  
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey ;  
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,  
 'Till hov'ring o'er them sweeps the swelling net.  
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)  
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106  
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,  
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest ;  
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,  
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,  
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :  
 Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,  
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.  
 Ah ! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115  
 His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,  
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,  
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold ?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,  
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120  
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,  
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare :  
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,  
 And learn of man each other to undo).  
 With slaugt'ring guns th' unwear'y'd fowler roves,  
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ; 126  
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,  
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 107. It stood thus in the first editions.

Pleas'd in the gen'ral's sight, the host lie down  
 Sudden before some unsuspecting town ;  
 The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,  
 And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

Ver. 119. When hoary Winter clothes the year in white,

The woods and fields to pleasing toils invite.

Ver. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;  
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky : 130  
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,  
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death :  
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,  
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 135  
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,  
 The patient fijher takes his silent stand,  
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :  
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,  
 And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140  
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,  
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,  
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,  
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold,  
 Swift trout, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145  
 And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car :  
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,  
 Swarm o'er the lands, the forest-walks surround,  
 Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound.  
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein, 151  
 And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :  
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already crost,  
 And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.  
 See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep, 155  
 Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,  
 Hang o'er the coursers' heads with eager speed,  
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.  
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,  
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train ; 160  
 Nor envy, Windsor ! since thy shades have seen  
 As bright a goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN ;

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high.

Ver. 147. But when bright Phœbus from the twins invites  
 Our active genius to more free delights,  
 With springing day we range the lawns around.

Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,  
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165  
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;  
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,  
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;  
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,  
Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,  
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;  
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,  
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)  
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,  
But by the crescent and the golden zone. 176  
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;  
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;  
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,  
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180  
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chace, the maid  
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,  
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire  
Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.  
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185  
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;  
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,  
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;  
As from the god she flew with furious pace,  
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chace. 190  
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;  
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;  
And now his shadow reach'd her, as she run,  
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;  
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195  
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.  
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,  
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.

## VARIATIONS.

Here, as old bards have sung, Diana stray'd,  
h'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade;  
was she seen o'er suny heaths to rove.

Ver. 46  
Bar.  
Here.

Faint,

Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain ;  
 " Ah, Cynthia ! ah -- though banish'd from thy train,  
 " Let me, O let me, to the shades repair, 201  
 " My native shades -- there weep, and murmur there."  
 She said, and melting as in tears she lay,  
 In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205  
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;  
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,  
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.  
 In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,  
 And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210  
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies  
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,  
 The wat'ry landscape of the pendent woods,  
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;  
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215  
 And floating forests paint the waves with green,  
 Through the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,  
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou too, great father of the British floods,  
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ; 220  
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,  
 And future navies on thy shores appear.  
 Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives  
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.  
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225  
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear ;  
 Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,  
 While led along the skies his current strays,  
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,  
 To grace the mansion of our earthly gods : 230  
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,  
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;

## NOTES.

Ver. 207. *Still bears the name*] The river Lodon.

Ver. 211. *Oft in ber glass, &c.*] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem.

Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,  
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,  
His sov'reign favours, and his country loves : 236  
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,  
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires ;  
Whom launbler joys of home-felt quiet please,  
Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240  
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,  
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields :  
With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,  
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs :  
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ; 245  
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;  
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,  
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :  
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,  
Attends the duties of the wise and good, 250  
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,  
To follow nature, and regard his end ;  
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,  
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,  
Amid her kindred-stars familiar roam, 255  
Survey the region, and confess her home !  
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,  
Thus ATTICUS, and TRUMBULL thus retir'd.  
Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul posses,  
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bles, 260  
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,  
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens ;  
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,  
Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 233. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,  
To change Olympus, &c.

Ver. 235. Happy the man, who to the shades retires ;

But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires !

Bless'd whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please ;

But far more bless'd, who study joins with ease.

(On

(On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow,  
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow).  
I seem through consecrated walks to rove, 267  
I hear soft music die along the grove :  
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,  
By godlike poets venerable made. 270  
Here his first lays majestic DENHAM fung ;  
There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY's tongue.  
O early lost ! what tears the river shed,  
When the sad pomp along his banks was led ?  
His drooping swains on ev'ry note expire, 275  
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heav'nly voice,  
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;  
Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY  
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM fung ? [strung  
But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings ! 281  
Are these reviv'd ? or is it GRANVILLE sings ?  
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,  
And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;  
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes ; 285  
To crown the forests with immortal greens ;  
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,  
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;  
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,  
And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

## NOTES.

Ver. 272. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.* ]  
Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the forest, and  
was from thence conveyed to Westminster.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 267. It stood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,  
And hear your music echoing through the grove :  
With transport visit each inspiring shade  
By god-like poets venerable made.

Ver. 275. What sighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal shore !  
His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

Ver. 290. *her silver star.* ] All the lines that follow were not  
added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately follow-  
ed this, and made the conclusion, were the last eight verses of this  
poem.

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,  
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age :  
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,  
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :  
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295  
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :  
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,  
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,  
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,  
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains 301  
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !  
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,  
Stretch his long triumphs down through ev'ry age ;  
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,  
The lilies blazing on the regal shield : 306  
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,  
And leave inanimate the naked wall,  
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,  
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310

Let softer strains ill fated Henry mourn,  
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.  
Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps ;  
And, fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps :  
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315  
From old Belerium to the northern main,  
The grave unites ; where ev'n the great find rest,  
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,  
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone), 320

## NOTES.

Ver. 291. *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry ; who flourished in the time of Henry VIII.

Ver. 303. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here.

Ver. 311. *Henry mourn*] Henry VI.

Ver. 314. *once fear'd Edward sleeps* :] Edward IV.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 307. originally thus in the MS.

When brafs decays, when trophies ly o'erthrown,  
And mould'ring into dust drops the proud stone.

Oh

Oh fact accrû'd ! what tears has Albion shed,  
Heav'n, what new wounds ! and how her old have  
bled ?

She saw her sons with purple death expire,  
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,  
A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325  
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.

At length great ANNA said — “ Let discord cease ! ”  
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace !

In that bleis'd moment from his oozy bed  
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head. 330  
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream  
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam :  
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides  
His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;  
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335  
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.  
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,  
Who swell with tributary urns his flood !  
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,  
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame : 340  
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;  
The Lodon flow, with verdant alders crown'd ;  
Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave ;  
And chalky Wey, that rolls a mighty wave :

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 321. originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accrû'd ! oh sacrilegious brood,  
Sworn to rebellion, principled in blood !  
Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed,  
Gods what new wounds, &c.

Ver. 327. thus in the MS.

Till Anna rose, and bad the furies cease ;  
Let there be peace — she said, and all was peace.

Between ver. 330, and 321, originally stood these lines.

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,  
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,  
With sparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave shone,  
Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.  
He saw, and gently rose above the stream ;  
His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam :  
With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was drest,  
The tributes of the distant East and West,

The

The bl<sup>ue</sup>, transparant Vandalis appears ; 345  
 The gul<sup>fy</sup> Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;  
 And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;  
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,  
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind), 350  
 The god appear'd ; he turn'd his azure eyes  
 Where Windsor's domes and pompous turrets rise ;  
 Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forgot to roar,  
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace ! hail long-expected days, 355  
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !

Tho' Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,  
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold ;  
 From heav'n itself though sev'nfold Nilus flows,  
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ; 360  
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,

Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.

Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,  
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine ;  
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train ; 365  
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.

No more my sons shall dye with British blood.

Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood :

Safe on my shore each unmolested swain

Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain ;

The shady empire shall retain no trace 370  
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace ;

The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,  
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.

Behold ! th' ascending villas on my fide, 375

Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide ;

Behold ! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,

And temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.

NOTES.

Ver. 378. *And temples rise,*] The fifty new churches.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 363. originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her tow'rs amidst the main,  
 Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain ;  
 Here not a town, but spacious realm shall have  
 A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

I see,

I see, I see, where two fair cities bend  
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend ! 380  
 There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,  
 The world's great oracle in times to come ;  
 There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen  
 Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their  
 woods, 385

And half thy forests rush into thy floods,  
 Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,  
 To the bright regions of the rising day ;  
 Tempt icy-seas, where scarce the waters roll,  
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole ;  
 Or under southerh skies exalt their fails, 391  
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !  
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,  
 The coral redder, and the ruby glow,  
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold, 395  
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.  
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind  
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,  
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,  
 And seas but join the regions they divide ; 400  
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,  
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.  
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,  
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,  
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405  
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire !  
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace ! from shore to shore,  
 Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more ;

## NOTES.

Ver. 393. *Unbounded Thames, &c.*] A wish that London may be made a FREE PORT.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 385. &c. were originally thus.

Now shall our fleets the bloody cross display  
 To the rich regions of the rising day,  
 Or those green isles, where headlong Titan sleeps  
 His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps ;  
 Tempt icy seas, &c.

'Till

Till the freed Indians in their native groves  
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable loves ;  
 Peru once more a race of kings behold,  
 And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold. 411  
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,  
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell :  
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terrour, gloomy Care, 415  
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there :  
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,  
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires :  
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,  
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel : 420  
 There faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,  
 And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays  
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days :  
 The thoughts of gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,  
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light. 426  
 My humble Muse, in tunambitious strains,  
 Paints the green forests, and the flow'ry plains,  
 Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,  
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing. 430  
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careles days,  
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise ;  
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains  
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.



## PIECES FOR MUSIC.

## ODE for MUSIC on St. CECILIA's Day.

Written in the Year M DCC VIII.

## I.

Descend, ye Nine ! descend and sing ;  
 The breathing instruments inspire,  
 Wake into voice each silent string,  
 And sweep the sounding lyre !

In a sadly-pleasing strain  
 Let the warbling lute complain :  
 Let the loud trumpet sound,  
 Till the roofs all around  
 The shrill echoes rebound :

While in more lengthen'd notes and flow, 10  
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark ! the numbers soft and clear  
 Gently steal upon the ear ;  
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies ; 15  
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,  
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;  
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,  
 The strains decay,  
 And melt away, 20  
 In a dying, dying fall.

## II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,  
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low,  
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,  
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ; 25  
 Or, when the soul is pres'd with cares,  
 Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.

Warriors

Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;  
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :

Melancholy lifts her head,

30

Morpheus rouses from his bed,

Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,

List'ning Envy drops her snakes ;

Intestine war no more our passions wage,

And giddy factions hear away their rage.

35

## III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,

How martial music ev'ry bosom warms !

So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,

High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees

40

Descend from Pelion to the main.

Transported demigods stood round,

And men grew heroes at the sound,

Inflam'd with glory's charms :

45

Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,

And half unsheathe'd the shining blade :

And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,

To arms, to arms, to arms !

## IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds.

Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,

50

Love, strong as death, the poet led

To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,

What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts !

55

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of wo,

Sullen moans,

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts !

60

But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;

And see ! the tortur'd ghost respire,

See,

65

See, shady forms advance !  
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,  
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
 And the pale spectres dance !  
 The furies sink upon their iron beds,  
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

71

By the streams that ever flow,  
 By the fragrant winds that blow  
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;  
 By those happy souls who dwell  
 In yellow meads of asphodel,  
 Or amaranthine bow'rs ;  
 By the hero's armed shades,  
 Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades ;  
 By the youths that died for love,  
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,  
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :  
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !

75

80

He fung, and hell consented  
 To hear the poet's pray'r :  
 Stern Proserpine relented,  
 And gave him back the fair.  
 Thus song could prevail  
 O'er death, and o'er hell,  
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !  
 Though fate had fast'bound her  
 With Styx nine times round her,  
 Yet music and love were victorious.

85

90

VI.  
 But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :  
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !  
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?  
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

95

Now under hanging mountains,  
 Beside the falls of fountains,  
 Or where Hebrus wanders,  
 Rolling in meanders,

100

Vol. I.

† G

All

All alone, 100  
 Unheard, unknown, 101  
 He makes his moan ; 102  
 And calls her ghost, 103  
 For ever, ever, ever lost ! 105  
 Now with furies surrounded, 106  
 Despairing, confounded,  
 He trembles, he glows,  
 Amidst Rhodope's snows : 110  
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ; 110  
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—  
 Ah see, he dies !  
 Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he sung,  
*Eurydice* still trembled on his tongue,  
*Eurydice* the woods, 115  
*Eurydice* the floods,  
*Eurydice* the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

## VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
 And fate's severest rage disarm : 120  
 Music can soften pain to ease,  
 And make despair and madness please :  
 Our joys below it can improve,  
 And antedate the bliss above.  
 This the divine Cecilia found,  
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125  
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,  
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear ;  
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,  
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;  
 And angels lean from heav'n to hear. 130  
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,  
 To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ;  
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,  
 Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

Two Choruses to the Tragedy of  
BRUTUS\*.

CHORUS of ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought ;  
Groves, where immortal sages taught :  
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,  
And Epicurus lay inspir'd !  
In vain your guiltless laurels stood  
Unspotted long with human blood.

War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,  
And steel now glitters in the muses shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heay'n-born sisters ! source of art !  
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart ;  
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,  
Moral truth, and mystic song !  
To what new clime, what distant sky,  
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly ?  
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore ?  
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more ?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,  
When wild barbarians spurn her dust ;  
Perhaps ey'n Britain's utmost shore  
Shall cease to blush with strangers gore,  
See Arts her savage sons control,  
And Athens rising near the pole !  
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,  
And civil madnes tears them from the land.

\* Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two choruses were composed, to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods ! what justice rules the ball !  
 Freedom and Arts together fall ;  
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,  
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.  
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,  
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state !  
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,  
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

25

30

## CHORUS of YOUTHS and VIRGINS.

## SEMICHORUS.

O H tyrant Love ! hast thou possest  
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast ?  
 Wisdom and Wit in vain reclaim,  
 And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.  
 Love, soft intruder, enters here,  
 But ent'ring learns to be sincere.  
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,  
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.  
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,  
 Which Nature has imprest ?  
 Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire  
 The mild and gen'rous breast ?

5

10

10

15

20

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve ;  
 The gods and Brutus bend to love :  
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,  
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.  
 What is loose love ? a transient gust,  
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,  
 A vapour fed from wild desire,  
 A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.  
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite ;  
 And burn for ever one ;  
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,  
 Productive as the sun.

SEMI-

## SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of ev'ry social tye,  
United wish, and mutual joy ! 25.  
What various joys on one attend,  
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend ? ]  
Whether his hoary fire he spies,  
While thousand grateful thoughts arise ; 30.  
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye ;  
Or views his smiling progeny ;  
What tender passions take their turns,  
What home-felt raptures move ?  
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,  
With rev'rence, hope, and love. 36.  
CHORUS.  
Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,  
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,  
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises ;  
Fires that scorch, yet dare not fhine : 40.  
Purest love's unwasting treasure,  
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,  
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure ;  
Sacred Hymen ! these are thine.



## ODE ON SOLITUDE\*.

**H**appy the man whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air,  
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5  
Whose flocks supply him with attire,  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find  
Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,  
Together mix'd; sweet recreation;  
And innocence, which most does please,  
With meditation. 15

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,  
Thus unlamented let me die;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie. 20

\* This was a very early production of our author, written at about twelve years old.

## The DYING CHRISTIAN to his SOUL.

## O D E \*.

## I.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame !  
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame !  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !  
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life. 5

## II.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,  
 Sister spirit, come away.  
 What is this absorbs me quite ?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ? 10

## III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !  
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring : 25  
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

\* This ode was written in imitation of the famous sonnet of Hadrian to his departing soul. See Hadrian's sonnet, let. 4. of Letters to and from Mr. Steele, &c. vol. iv.

## An ESSAY on CRITICISM.

Written in the Year 1709.

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## An ESSAY on CRITICISM.

IT IS hard to say, if greater want of skill  
 Appear in writing or in judging ill ;  
 But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence,  
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.  
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this,  
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;  
 A fool might once himself alone expose,  
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10  
 In poets as true genius is but rare,  
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;  
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,  
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.  
 Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15  
 And censure freely who have written well.  
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,  
 But are not critics to their judgment too ?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find  
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind : 20  
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light ;  
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.  
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,  
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,  
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd. 25  
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,  
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools. 26

## NOTES.

Ver. 25. *Let sub teachers*] Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis  
 commode scripta facile intelligere poterit. *Cic. ad Herenn.* lib. 4.  
*De pictore, sculptore, pictore, nisi artifex, judicare non potest. Plin.*

Ver. 26. *May have the seeds*] Omnes tacito quodam sensu, fine  
 ulla arte aut ratione, quae sint in artibus aequalioribus, recta et pra-  
 va dijudicant. *Cic. de orat. lib. 3.*

Ver. 25. *So by false learning*] Plus fine doctrina prudentia,  
 quam sine prudentia valet doctrina. *Quint.*

## VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25. and 26. were these lines, since omitted by  
 the author.



*1. B. Sc.*  
Hail, Bards triumphant born in happier Days  
Immortal Heirs of universal Praise!  
Oh may some spark of your celestial Fire  
The last the meanest of your Sons inspire



In search of wit these lose their common sense,  
 And then turn critics in their own defence ;  
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30  
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.  
 All fools have still an itching to deride,  
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.  
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,  
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets past, 36  
 Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.  
 Some neither can for wits nor crities pass,  
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.  
 Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle, 40  
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;  
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,  
 Their generation's so equivocal :  
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,  
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,  
 And justly bear a critic's noble name,  
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,  
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go ;  
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50  
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,  
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.  
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,  
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains ; 55  
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,  
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails ;  
 Where beams of warm imagination play,  
 The memory's soft figures melt away.  
 One science only will one genius fit ;  
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit : 60

## VARIATIONS.

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,  
 Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.  
 Tutors, like Virtuosos, oft inclin'd  
 By strange transfusion to improve the mind,  
 Draw off the seads we have, to pour in new ;  
 Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do.

Not

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,  
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.  
Like kings we lose the conquest gain'd before,  
By vain ambition still to make them more : 65  
Each might his sev'ral province well command,  
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame  
By her just standard, which is still the same :  
Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70  
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,  
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,  
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.  
Art from that fund each just supply provides ;  
Works without show, and without pomp presides.  
In some fair body thus th' informing soul 76  
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,  
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains ;  
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.  
Some to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80  
Want as much more to turn it to its use ;  
For wit and judgment often are at strife,  
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.  
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed ;  
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed ; 85  
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,  
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,  
Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd ;

## NOTES.

Ver. 88. *Those rules of old, &c.*] Cicero has best explained what that is which reduces the wild and scattered parts of human knowledge into *arts*. — “ Nihil est quod ad artem redigi possit, nisi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem instituere vult, habeat illam scientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum sit, artem efficere possit. — Omnia sere quæ sunt conclusa nunc artibus, dispersa et dissipata quondam fuerunt ; ut in musicis, &c. Adhibita est igitur ars quædam extrinsecus ex alio genere quedam, quæ sibi to tum philosophi assumunt, quæ rem dissolutam divulsamque conglutinaret, et ratione quadam constringeret. De orat. l. 1. c. 41, 42.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 80. There are whom Heav'n has bless'd with store of wit,  
Yet want as much again to manage it.

Nature,

Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd  
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd. 90

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,  
When to repress, and when indulge our flights :  
High on Parnassus' top her sons the show'd,  
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod ; 95  
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,  
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,  
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.  
The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire, 100  
And taught the world with reason to admire.  
Then criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,  
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd.  
But following wits from that intention stray'd ;  
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid ;  
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd, 106  
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.  
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art  
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,  
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110  
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.  
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,  
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.  
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,  
Write dull receipts how poems may be made : 115  
These leave the sense, their learning to display ;  
And those explain the meaning quite away. [steer,  
You then whose judgement the right course would  
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character ;  
His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page ; 120  
Religion, country, genius of his age :  
Without all these at once before your eyes,  
Cavil you may, but never criticise.

## NOTES.

Ver. 98. *Fust precepts.*] "Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniriemus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præcipentur; mox ea scriptores observata et collecta ediderunt." Quintil.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticise.*] The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions.

Be Homer's works your study and delight,  
Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125  
Thence form your judgement, thence your maxims  
bring,

And trace the muses upward to their spring.  
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;  
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind, 130  
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,  
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,  
And but from Nature's fountain scorn'd to draw:  
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,  
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135  
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;  
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,  
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.  
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;  
To copy Nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,  
For there's a happiness as well as care.  
Music resembles poetry, in each  
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,  
And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145

## NOTES.

Ver. 130. *When first young Maro, &c.]* Virg. ecl. 6.  
" Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem  
" Velsit."

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in heroic poetry.

## VARIATIONS.

Zoilus, had these been known, without a name  
Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame;  
The sense of sound antiquity had reign'd,  
And sacred Homer yet been unprofan'd.  
None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind  
To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;  
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

Ver. 130.

When first young Maro sung of kings and wars,  
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

Ver. 137. And did his work to rules as strict confine.

If, where the rules not far enough extend,  
(Since rules were made but to promote their end),  
Some lucky licence answer to the full  
Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.

Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150=  
May boldly deviate from the common track;  
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;  
Which, without passing thro' the judgement, gains  
The heart, and all its end at once attains. 155  
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,  
Which out of nature's common order rise,  
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. }  
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,  
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend. 160  
But though the ancients thus their rules invade,  
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made),  
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend  
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;  
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need; 165  
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.  
The critic else proceeds without remorse,  
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts  
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults. 170  
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,  
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near;  
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,  
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.  
A prudent chief not always must display 175  
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array.

## NOTES.

Ver. 146. *If, where the rules, &c.*] "Neque enim rogationibus  
" plebisce scitis sancta sunt ista præcepta, sed hoc, quæ quid est,  
" utilitas excoxitavit. Non negato autem sic utile esse plerumque;  
" verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, reliquæ  
" magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur." Quintil. lib. 2. cap. 13.

Ver. 175. *A prudent chief, &c.*] Οἶον τι ποιῶσιν οἱ φρεγίποι  
σφεληλάται κατὰ τὰς τῶν σφελευμάτων. Dion. Hal. de fluct.  
orat.

But with th' occasion and the place comply,  
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.  
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem ;  
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,  
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;  
Secure from flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,  
Destructive war, and all-involving age.  
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring !  
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring ! 186  
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,  
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.  
Hail, bards triumphant ! born in happier days ;  
Immortal heirs of universal praise ! 190  
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,  
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow ;  
Nations unborn your mighty names shall found,  
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found !  
O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195  
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,  
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights ;  
Glowes while he reads, but trembles as he writes),  
To teach vain wits a science little known,  
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own ! 200

Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
Men's erring judgement, and misguide the mind,  
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
Is *Pride*, the never failing vice of fools.  
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd, 205  
She gives in large recruits of needful pride ;  
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :

## NOTES.

Ver. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*] “ Modest,  
“ te, et circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est,  
“ ne (quid plerisque accidit) damment quod non intelligunt. Ac  
“ si necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus  
“ placere, quam multa displicere maluerim. Quint.

Pride,

Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,  
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,  
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,  
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire; 345  
While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:  
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,  
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;  
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"  
In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees: 351  
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"  
Then at the last, and only couplet fraught  
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
A needless Alexandrine ends the song, 356  
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length  
along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;  
And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360  
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness  
join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense. 365

## NOTES.

"Effundat junctura unguis: scit tenderē versum

"Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno." *Fer. sat.*

Ver. 345. *Though oft the ear, &c.*] "Fugiemus crebras vocali-  
" um concusiones, quae vastam atque biantem orationem red-  
" dunt." *Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4.* *Vide etiam Quintil. lib. 9. cap. 4.*

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 346. *While expletives their feeble aid do join,*  
*And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:—]*

From Dryden. "He creeps along with ten little words in every-  
" line, and helps out his numbers with *for*, *to*, and *unto*, and *all*:  
"the pretty expletives he can find, while the sense is left half ti-  
" red behind it." *Essay on dram. poetry.*

See:

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow: 371  
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the  
 main.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,  
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 373  
 While at each change, the son of Libyan Jove  
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;  
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:  
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380  
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!  
 The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,  
 And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,  
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much; 385  
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,  
 That always shows great pride, or little sense:  
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,  
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.  
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move; 390  
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve:

## NOTES.

Ver. 374. *Hear how Timotheus, &c.*] See Alexander's feast; or,  
 The power of music; an ode by Mr. Dryden.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 366. *Soft is the strain, &c.*]

" *Tum si læta canunt, &c.* Vid. Poet. l. 3. ver. 403.

Ver. 368. *But when loud surges, &c.*]

" *Tum longe sale saxa sonant, &c.*" Vid. ib. 388.

Ver. 370. *When Ajax strives, &c.*]

" *Atque ideo si quid geritur molimine magno,*" etc. Vid. ib. 417.

Ver. 372. *Not so when swift Camilla, &c.*]

" *At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubebo,*" etc. Vid. ib. 420.

As

As things seem large which we thro' mists discry,  
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;  
The ancients only, or the moderns prize. 395  
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd  
To one *small sect*, and all are damn'd beside.

Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,  
And force that sun but on a part to shine,  
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400  
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;  
Which from the first has shone on ages past,  
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last ;  
Tho' each may feel increases and decays,  
And see now clearer and now darker days. 405  
Regard not then if wit be old or new,  
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgement of their own,  
But catch the spreading notion of the town ;  
They reason and conclude by *precedent*, 410  
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.  
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then  
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.  
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he  
That in proud dulness joins with quality. 415  
A constant critic at the great man's board,  
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.  
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,  
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me ?  
But let a Lord once own the happy lines, 420  
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !  
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,  
And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

The vulgar thus through *imitation* err ;  
As oft the learn'd by being *singular* ; 425  
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng  
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong :  
So schismatics the plain believers quit,  
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night ;  
But always think the last opinion right. 431

A Muse

A Muse by these is like a mistres us'd,  
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd ;  
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,  
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. 435  
 Ask them the cause ; they're wiser still, they say ;  
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.  
 We think our fathers fools ; so wise we grow ;  
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.  
 Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread ; 440  
 Who knew most sentences, was deepest read ;  
 Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,  
 And none had sense enough to be confuted :  
 Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain,  
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445  
 If faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,  
 What wonder *modes* in wit should take their turn ?  
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,  
 The current folly proves the ready wit ;

## NOTES.

Ver. 444. *Scotists*] So denominated from Johannes Duns Scotus.

Ver. 444. *Thomists*] From Thomas Aquinas, a truly great genius, who was, in those blind ages, the same in theology that Friar Bacon was in natural philosophy : less happy than our countryman in this, that he soon became surrounded with a number of dark glossers, who never left him till they had extinguished the radiance of that light which had pierced through the thickest night of Monkery, the thirteenth century, when the Waldenses were suppressed, and Wickliffe not yet risen.

Ver. 445. *Duck lane*.] A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 447. Between this and ver. 452.

The rhyming clowns that gladded Shakespear's age,  
 No more with crambo entertain the stage.  
 Who now in anagrams their patron praise,  
 Or sing their mistress in acrostic lays ?  
 Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore ;  
 Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore !  
 Thus leaving what was natural and fit,  
 The current folly prov'd their ready wit ;  
 And authors thought their reputation safe,  
 Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

And

And authors think their reputation safe,  
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh. 450

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,  
Still make themselves the measure of mankind :  
Fondly we think 'we honour merit then,  
When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455

*Parties* in wit attend on those of state,  
And public faction doubles private hate.  
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,  
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus ;  
But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past ; 460  
For rising merit will buoy up at last.

Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,  
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise :  
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,  
Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465  
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;  
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true :  
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known  
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.

When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays, 470  
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;  
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,  
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;  
His praise is lost, who stays till all command. 475  
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,  
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.

No longer now that golden age appears,  
When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years :  
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost, 480  
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast ;  
Our sons their father's failing language see,  
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.  
So when the faithful pencil has design'd  
Some bright idea of the master's mind, 485  
Where a new world leaps out at his command,  
And ready Nature waits upon his hand ;

## NOTES.

Ver. 463. *Milbourn.*] The Rev. Mr. Luke Milbourn.

VOL. I.      †      I

When

When the ripe colours soften and unite,  
And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;  
When mellowing years their full perfection give,  
And each bold figure just begins to live,  
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,  
And all the bright creation fades away !

491

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,  
Atones not for that envy which it brings. 493  
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,  
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost :  
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,  
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.  
What is this wit which must our cares employ ? 500  
The owner's wife that other men enjoy ;  
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,  
And still the more we give, the more requir'd ;  
Whose fame with pains we gain, but lose with ease,  
Sure some to vex, but never all to please ; 505  
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,  
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,  
Ah let not Learning too commence its foe !  
Of old, those met rewards who could excel, 510  
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well :  
Though triumphs were to gen'rals only due,  
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.  
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,  
Employ their pains to spurn some others down ; 515  
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,  
Contending wits become the sport of fools :  
But still the worst with most regret commend,  
For each ill author is as bad a friend.  
To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520  
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise !  
Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,  
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 492. The treach'rous colours in few years decay.

Ver. 498. Like some fair flower that in the spring does rise.

Good

Good nature and good sense must ever join ;  
To err is human ; to forgive, divine.

525

But if in noble minds some dregs remain  
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain ;  
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,  
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.

No pardon vile *obscenity* should find, 530

Though wit and art conspire to move your mind ;

But dulness with *obscenity* must prove

As shameful sure as impotence in love.

In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,

Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase : 535

When love was all an easy monarch's care ;

Seldom at council, never in a war :

Jilts rul'd the state, and statemen farces writ ;

Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit :

The fair sat panting at a courtier's play, 540

And not a mask went unimprov'd away :

The modest fan was lifted up no more,

And virgin's smile'd at what they blush'd before.

The following licence of a foreign reign

Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ; 545

Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,

And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;

Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,

Lest God himself should seem too absolute :

Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550

And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there !

Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,

And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.

These monsters, critics ! with your darts engage,

Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !

## NOTES.

Ver. 547. The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a *national reflection*, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any people whatever.

I. 2.

Yet

Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice, 556  
 Will needs mistake an author into vice :  
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,  
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what MORALS critics ought to show,  
 For 'tis but half a judge's task to know. 561

'Tis not enough, taste, judgement, learning join ;  
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine :

That not alone what to your sence is due

All may allow ; but seek your friendship too. 565

Be silent always, when you doubt your sence ;

And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence :

Some positive, persisting fops we know,

Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so ;

But you, with pleasure own your errours past, 570

And make each day a critic on the laist.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;

Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ;

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,

And things unknown propos'd as things forgot. 575

Without *good-breding*, truth is disapprov'd ;

That only makes superiour sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence :

For the worst avarice is that of sence.

With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust, 580

Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;

Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,

But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 585

And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,

Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

#### NOTES.

Ver. 586. *And stares tremendous, etc.*] This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this *Essay* and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic. For, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270, he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this abuse of his person.

Fear

Fear most to tax an honourable fool,  
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull ;  
 Such, without wit, are poets when they please, 590  
 As without learning they can take degrees.  
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccesful satires,  
 And flattery to fulsome dedicators ;  
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no  
 more,

Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er. 595  
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,  
 And charitably let the dull be vain :  
 Your silence there is better than your spite,  
 For who can rail so long as they can write ?  
 Still humming on, their droufy course they keep, 600  
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.  
 False steps but help them to renew the race,  
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.  
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,  
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, 605  
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,  
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,  
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,  
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence ?

Such shameless bards we have ; and yet 'tis true,  
 There are as mad, abandon'd critics too. 611  
 The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,  
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,  
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,  
 And always list'ning to himself appears. 615  
 All books he reads, and all he reads affails,  
 From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.  
 With him most authors steal their works, or buy ;  
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.  
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend, 620  
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would poets mend ?

## NOTES.

Ver. 619. *Garth did not write, &c.*] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed ; and it is now (perhaps the sooper for this very verse) dead and forgotten.

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,  
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-  
yard :

Nay, fly to altars ; there they'll talk you dead ;  
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread. 625  
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,  
It still looks home, and short excursions makes ; }  
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,  
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,  
Bursts out, resolute, with a thund'ring tide. 630

But where's the man, who council can bestow,  
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know ?  
Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite ;  
Not duly prepossess'd, nor blindly right ;  
Tho' learn'd, well-bred ; and tho' well-bred, sincere ;  
Modestly bold, and humanly severe ; 636  
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,  
And gladly praise the merit of a foe ?  
Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd ;  
A knowledge both of books and human kind ; 640  
Gen'rous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;  
And love to praise, with reason on his side ?

Such once were critics ; such the happy few  
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.  
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore, 645  
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;

#### VARIATIONS.

Ver. 624. Between this and ver. 625.

In vain you shrug, and sweat, and strive to fly ;  
These know no manners but of poetry.  
They'll stop a hungry chaplain in his grace,  
To treat of unities of time and place.

Between ver. 646, and 647, were the following lines, since  
suppressed by the authour.

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,  
Whose first discovery's not exceeded yet,  
Led by the light of the Mæonian star,  
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.  
He, when all Nature was subdu'd before,  
Like his great pupil, sigh'd and long'd for more :  
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,  
A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.  
Poets, &c

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,  
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.  
Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,  
Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650  
Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,  
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,  
And without method talks us into sense;  
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey 655  
The truest notions in the easiest way.

He, who supreme in judgement, as in wit,  
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,  
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he fung with fire;  
His precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660  
Our critics take a contrary extreme;  
They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:  
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations  
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, 665  
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,  
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious works we find  
The justest rules and clearest method join'd: 670  
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,  
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,  
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,  
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire, 675  
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.  
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,  
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;  
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;  
And is himself that great sublime he draws. 680

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,  
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.

## NOTES.

Ver. 665. See *Dionysius*] Of Halicarnassus.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 675. The muses sure Longinus did inspire,

Learn<sup>g</sup>

Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,  
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew ;  
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,  
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome. 686  
With tyranny, then superstition join'd,  
As that the body, this inflav'd the mind ;  
Much was believ'd, but little understood,  
And to be dull was constru'd to be good ; 690  
A second deluge learning thus o'errun,  
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,  
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame !)  
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age, 695  
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see ! each muse, in LEO's golden days,  
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays !  
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,  
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head. 700  
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive ;  
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live ;  
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung ;  
A Raphael painted, and a Vida fung.  
Immortal Vida ! on whose honour'd brow 705  
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow :  
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,  
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame !

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,  
Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses pass'd ; 710

## NOTES.

Ver. 705. *Immortal Vida !*] M. Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin poet, who writ an art of poetry in verse. He flourished in the time of Leo X.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 689. All was believ'd, but nothing understood.

Between ver. 690, and 691, the authour omitted these two.

Vain wits and critics were no more allow'd,  
When none but saints had licence to be proud.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 708. *As next in place to Mantua,*] Alluding to *Mantua & nifera & nimium vicina Cremona.*

Virg.  
Thence

Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,  
 But critic learning flourish'd most in France;  
 The rules a nation born to serve, obeys ;  
 And Boileau still in right of Horace fways.  
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd, 715  
 And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd ;  
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,  
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.  
 Yet some there were, among the founder few  
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720  
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,  
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.  
 Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,  
 " Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."  
 Such was Roscommon—not more learn'd than good,  
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood ; 756  
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,  
 And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 723. *Such was the muse—*] *Essay on poetry*, by the Duke of Buckingham. Our poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this *essay*, and its noble authour. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the dedication to his translation of the *Aeneid*; and Dr. Garth, in the first edition of his *Dispensary*, says,

The Tyber now no courtly Gallus sees,  
 But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys.

though afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in politics. The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church of England party, yet an enemy to the extravagant measures of the court, in the reign of Charles II. On which account, after having strongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them on that poet's absolute attachment to the court, which carried him sometimes beyond what the Duke could approve of. This nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before,

— The muse's friend,  
 Himself a muse. In Sanadrin's debate  
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state.

*Abſ. and Actit.*

Our authour was more happy ; he was honoured very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of a familiar esteem.

*Such.*

Such late was Walsh—the muse's judge and friend,  
Who justly knew to blame or to commend ; 730  
To failings mild, but zealous for desert ;  
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.  
This humble praise, lamented shade ! receive,  
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give :  
The muse whose early voice you taught to sing, 735  
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,  
(Her guide now lost), no more attempts to rise,  
But in low numbers short excursions tries :  
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,  
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew : 740  
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;  
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame  
Averse alike to flatter, or offend ;  
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.



THE

## RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN

## HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Written in the Year 1712.

To Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh, not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good-nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design; for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons are made to act in a poem. For the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly

cularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits; which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes* or *Demons* of earth delight in mischief: But the *Sylphs*, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable; for, they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end; except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence. The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you, that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE





*Let Wreaths of Triumph now my Temples twine  
The Victor cry'd the glorious Prize is mine.*

T. Phinn. sc.

*Rape of the Lock*

# THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

\* *Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos ;  
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.* MART.

## CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,  
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,  
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse ! is due :  
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view :  
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,  
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddefis ! could compel  
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle belle ?  
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,  
Could make a gentle belle reject a Lord ?

### NOTES.

\* It appears by this motto, that the following poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a gentleman who was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the comedy of *Sir Sulmon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's miscellanies) originally proposed the subject to him, with a view of putting an end, by th s piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fennor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The author sent it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted ; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from one of his letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two cantos only ; and it was so printed ; first, in a miscellany of Bern. Lintot's without the name of the author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year, by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five cantos.

In tasks so bold can little men engage,  
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage ?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,  
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day :  
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15  
And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake :  
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,  
And the pres'd watch return'd a silver sound.

Belinda fill her downy pillow prest,  
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest : 20  
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed  
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head,  
A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight-beau,  
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow),  
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25  
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care  
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air !  
If e'er one vision touch thy infant-thought,  
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught ; 30  
Of airy elves by moonlight-shadows seen,  
The silver token, and the circled green,  
Or virgins visit'd by angel pow'rs,  
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs ;  
Hear and believe ! thy own importance know, 35  
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.  
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,  
To maids alone and children are reveal'd :

## NOTES.

Ver. 19. *Belinda fill, &c.*] All the verses from hence to the end of this canto were added afterwards.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 21, 22. It was in the first editions,

And dwel's such rage in softest bosoms then,  
And lodge such daring souls in little men ?

Ver. 13. &c. stood thus in the first edition,

Sol through white curtains did his beams display,  
And op'd those eyes which brighter shone than they ;  
Shock just had giv'n himself the rousing shake,  
And nymphs prepar'd their chocolate to take ;  
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,  
And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

W. at

What though no credit doubting wits may give?  
The fair and innocent shall still believe. 40  
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,  
The light militia of the lower sky,  
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,  
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.  
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,  
And view with scorn two pages and a chair. 45  
As now your own, our beings were of old,  
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mold;  
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair  
From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50  
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,  
That all her vanities at once are dead;  
Succeeding vanities she still regards,  
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.  
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55  
And love of Ombre, after death survive.  
For when the fair in all her pride expire,  
To their first elements their souls retire:  
The sp'rits of fiery termagants in flame  
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60  
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,  
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.  
The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,  
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.  
The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65  
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste  
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:  
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease  
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70  
What guards the purity of melting maids,  
In courtly balls, and midnight-masquerades,  
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,  
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 54, 55. —— "Quæ gratia curvum  
" Amorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes  
" Pascere quos; eadem sequitur tellure ræbus." VI. EN. 6.

When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75  
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?  
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials know,  
 Tho' Honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,  
 For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace. 80  
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,  
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:  
 Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain,  
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,  
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear, 85  
 And in soft sounds, *Your Grace* salutes their ear.  
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,  
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,  
 Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,  
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau. 90

Oft when the world imagine women stray,  
 The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,  
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,  
 And old impertinence expel by new.  
 What tender maid but must a victim fall 95  
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?  
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,  
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?  
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,  
 They shift the moving toyshop of their heart; 100  
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-  
 knots strive,  
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.  
 This erring mortals levity may call,  
 Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

## NOTES.

Ver. 78. *Tho' Honour is the word with men below.*] Parody of Homer.

Ver. 79. *too conscious of their face,*] i. e. too sensible of their beauty.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 101. "Iam clypeis clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,

"Ense minax et sic, pede pes, et cuspide cuspis," etc.

Stat.

Of

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,  
105  
A watchful sp'rit, and *Ariel* is my name.

Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,  
In the clear mirrorr of thy ruling star  
I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,  
Ere to the main this morning-sun descend. 110

But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where :  
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware !  
This to disclose is all thy guardian can :  
Beware of all, but most beware of man !

He said ; when Shock, who thought she slept too  
long, 115

Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.  
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,  
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux ;  
Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read,  
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,  
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First,

NOTES.

Ver. 108. *In the clear mirrorr*] The language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of spirits, &c.

Ver. 127. *And now unveil'd, etc.*] The translation of these verses, containing the description of the toilette, by our author's friend Dr. Parnell, deserve, for their humour, to be here inserted.

- “ *Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,*
- “ *Emicat in mensa, quæ splendet pyxide densa :*
- “ *Tunc primum lymphæ purgat candida nymphæ ;*
- “ *Jamque fine menda, cœlestis imago videnda,*
- “ *Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.*
- “ *Hæc stupet implorans, cœu cultus numen adorans.*
- “ *Inferior claram Pythonissæ appetat ad aram,*
- “ *Fertque tibi caute, dicatque superbia ! laute,*
- “ *Dona venusta ; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,*
- “ *Exerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat,*
- “ *Pyxide devota, se pandet hic India tota,*
- “ *Et tota ex ista transpiat Arabia cista ;*
- “ *Testudo hic flectit cum se mea Lesbia pectit ;*
- “ *Atque elephas lente, te pectit Lesbia dente ;*
- “ *Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris.*
- “ *Hic jacet et mundo, mundus muliebris abunde ;*
- “ *Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,*
- “ *Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore,*

First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,  
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.

A heav'ly image in the glaſſ appears, 125

To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rearſ;

Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's ſide,

Trembling begins the ſacred rites of pride.

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here

The various off'rings of the world appear; 130

From each ſhe nicely culſ with curious toil,

And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring ſpoil.

This caſket India's glowing gems unlockſ,

And all Arabia breaths from yonder box.

The tortoife here and elephant unite,

Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled and the white. 135

Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,

Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;

The Fair each moment rises in her charms,

Repairs her fmiles, awakens ev'ry grace,

And calls forth all the wonders of her face;

Sees by degrees a purer bluſh arife,

And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

The busy Sylphs ſurround their darling care; 140

These ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair;

#### NOTES

“ Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo;

“ Pulchrior in praesens tempus de tempore crescerat

“ Jam reparat riuſ, jam ſurgit gratia viſus,

“ Jam promit cultu, miracula latentia vultu;

“ Pigmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua purpura glifeat,

“ Et geminans bellis ſplendet mage fulgor ocellis.

“ Sunt Lemures muti, nymphæ iuentuque ſaluti,

“ Hic ſigit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam;

“ Haec manicis ſormam, pliſis dat et altera normam;

“ Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidiflamma Letty!

“ Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum.

Ver. 145. *The busy Sylphs, etc.*] Ancient traditions of the Rabbis relate, that ſeveral of the fallen angels became amorous of women, and particularize ſome; among the rest Asael, who lay with Naamah the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who, continuing impenitent, ſtill preſides over the women's toileſ. *Bereſhi Rabbi, in Gen. vi. 2.*

Some

Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;  
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

## CANTO II.

NOT with more glories in th' ethereal plain,  
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,  
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams  
Lanch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames,  
Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths, around her

shone,

But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone,  
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.  
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :  
Favours to none, to all the smiles extends ;  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide :  
If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,  
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind  
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck  
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.  
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,  
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.  
With hairy springes we the birds betray,  
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;

## NOTES.

Ver. 25. *With hairy springes.*] In allusion to Anacreon's manner.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 4. *Lanch'd on the bosom, etc.*] From hence the poem continues, in the 8<sup>th</sup> edition, to ver. 46.

The rest the winds disper'd in empty air ;  
all after, to the end of this canto, being additional,

Fair

Fair tresses man's imperial race infnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd ;  
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30  
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,  
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;  
For when success a lover's toil attends,  
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35  
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd ;  
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,  
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.  
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ;  
And all the trophies of his former loves ; 40  
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,  
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.  
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes  
Soon to obtain and long possess the prize.  
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r ;  
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air. 45

But now secure the painted vessel glides,  
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :  
While melting music steals upon the sky,  
And soften'd sounds along the waters die ; 50  
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,  
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay,  
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,  
Th' impending wo fat heavy on his breast.  
He summons straight his denizens of air ; 55  
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :  
Soft o'er the shrouds aëreal whispers breathe,  
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.

## NOTES.

Ver. 28. *with a single hair.*] In allusion to those lines of *Hdibras*, applied to the same purpose,  
And though it be a two-foot tract,  
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 45. *The pow'rs grace ear,*] Virg. *Aen.* xii.

Some

Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold;  
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold; 60  
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,  
Their fluid bodies half-dissolv'd in light.  
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,  
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew, 65  
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,  
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;  
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,  
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.  
Amid the circle on the gilded mast, 70  
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;  
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,  
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;  
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear!  
Ye know the spheres and various tasks affign'd 75  
By laws eternal to th' aëreal kind.  
Some in the fields of purest æther play,  
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.  
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,  
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky. 80  
Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light.  
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,  
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,  
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,  
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85  
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.  
Others on earth o'er human race preside,  
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:  
Of these the chief the care of nations own,  
And guard with arms divine the British throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,  
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;  
To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;  
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs; 95  
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show'rs  
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,  
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;

Nay,

Nay, oft in dreams, invention we bestow,  
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day, black omens threat the brightest fair  
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;  
Some dire disaster, or by force, or sleight;  
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.  
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,  
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;  
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;  
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;  
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;  
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.  
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:  
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;  
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;  
And, Momeatilla, let the watch be thine;  
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock;  
Ariel himself shall be the gaûrd of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,  
We trust the important charge, the petticoat:  
Oft have we known that sevensold fence to fail,  
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;  
Form a strong line about the silver bound,  
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,  
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his fins,  
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;  
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,  
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bokin's eye:  
Gums and pometums shall his flight restrain,  
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 119. — *Hyper dominus septemplicis Ajax.* Ovid.

Ver. 121. *about the silver bound,*] An allusion to the shield of Achilles.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd,  
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round;  
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,  
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

Or

Or alum styptics with contracting power  
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flower :  
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel  
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,  
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow, 135  
And tremble at the sea that frothes below !

He spoke ; the spirits from the fails descend ;  
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;  
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;  
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ; 140  
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,  
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

## CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,  
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers ;  
There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes it name.  
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5  
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;  
Here thou, great ANNA ! whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
To taste a while the pleasures of a court ; 10  
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,  
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;  
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,  
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;  
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ; 15  
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Cloſt by thſe meads,]* The first edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this canto.

Ver. 11, 12. originally in the first edition,

In various talk the cheerful hours they past,  
Of who was bit, or who capotted last.

Snuff,

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,  
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,  
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20  
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;  
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,  
And the long labours of the toilette cease.  
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25  
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,  
At ombre singly to decide their doom;  
And swells her breasts with conquests yet to come.  
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,  
Each band the number of the sacred Nine. 30  
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aëreal guard  
Descend, and fit on each important card:  
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,  
Then each according to the rank they bore;  
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35  
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,  
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;  
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flower,  
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power; 40  
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;  
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;  
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,  
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care: 45  
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they  
were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,  
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.

Spadillio

NOTES.

Ver. 47. *Now move to war, etc.*] The whole idea of this description of a game at Ombre, is taken from Vida's description of a game at Chel's, in his poem intitled *Scacchia Ludus*.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 24. *And the long labours of the toilette cease.*] All that. f. 1.

Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord !  
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50  
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,  
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.  
Him Baslo follow'd ; but, his fate more hard,  
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.  
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55  
The hoary majesty of Spades appears,  
Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,  
The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.  
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,  
Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60  
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,  
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,  
Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,  
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade !

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ; 65  
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.  
His warlike Amazon her host invades,  
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.  
The Clubs' black tyrant first her victim dy'd,  
'Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride : 70  
What boots the regal circle on his head,  
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread ;  
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,  
And, of all monarchs only, grasps the globe ?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace ; 75  
Th' embroider'd king, who shews but half his face,  
And his resplendent queen, with pow'rs combin'd,  
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.  
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,  
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80  
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,  
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's fable sons,  
With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,  
Of various habit, and of various dye,

lows of the game at Ombre, was added since the first edition, till  
ver. 105, which connected thus :

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd.

The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,  
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,  
And wins (oh shameful chance !) the Queen of  
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,  
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ; 90  
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,  
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)  
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate,  
An Ace of Hearts steps forth : the King unseen 95  
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen :  
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.

The nymph exulting, fills with shouts the sky ;  
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply. 100

O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,  
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.  
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,  
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,  
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ; 105  
On shining altars of Japan they raise  
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :  
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,  
While China's earth receives the smoking tide : 110  
At once they gratify their scent and taste,  
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.  
Straight hover round the fair her airy band ;  
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,

#### VARIATIONS.

Ver. 105. *Sudden the board, &c.*] From hence, the first edition  
continues to ver. 134.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 107.

*Nescia mens hominum fati fortisque futurae ;  
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis !  
Tunc tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum  
Intactum Pallentia, et cum spolia isla diemque  
Oderit.*

Virg.

Some

Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115  
 Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade.  
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,  
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)  
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain  
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120  
 Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,  
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate !  
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,  
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125  
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill ?  
 Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace  
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case :  
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,  
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130  
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends  
 The little engine on his fingers' ends ;  
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,  
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.  
 Swift to the Lock a thousand sp'rits repair, 135  
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair ;  
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;  
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.  
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought  
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought ; 140  
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,  
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,  
 Sndden he view'd, in spite of all her art,  
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.  
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145  
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The

## NOTES.

Ver. 122. *and think of Scylla's fate !*] Vid. Ovid's metam. viii.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 134. In the first edition it was thus :

As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head,  
 First he expands the glitt'ring forfex wide,  
 T' inclose the lock ; then joins it to divide :

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forsex wide,  
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.  
Ev'n then before the fatal engine clos'd,  
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150  
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,  
(But airy substance soon unites again),  
The meeting points the sacred hair disfever  
From the fair head for ever and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,  
And screams of horrour rend th' affrighted skies. 156  
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,  
When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;  
Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,  
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,  
(The victor cry'd), the glorious prize is mine!  
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,  
Or in a coach and fix the British fair,  
As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165  
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,  
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,  
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,  
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,  
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170  
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,  
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!

## NOTES.

Ver. 152. *But airy substance*] See Milton, lib. 6. of Satan cut asunder by the angel Michael.

Ver. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman; full of court and party scandal; and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar.

## VARIATIONS.

The meeting points the sacred hair disfever,  
From the fair head for ever and for ever,  
All that is between was added afterwards.

Ver. 154.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 163. 170.

*Dum juga monis aper, flueos dum piscis amabit,  
Semper bonos numenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.* Virg.

Steel

Steel could the labours of the gods destroy,  
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy ;  
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175  
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.  
 What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should  
     feel  
 The conq'ring force of unresisted steel ?

## CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph opprest,  
 And secret pasions labour'd in her breast.  
 Not youthful kings in battle feiz'd alive,  
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,  
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their blifs, 5  
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kifs,  
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,  
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,  
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,  
 As thou, sad virgin ! for thy ravish'd hair. 10

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,  
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,  
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sp'rit,  
 As ever fully'd the fair face of light,  
 I own to the central earth, his proper scene, 15  
 Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his footy pinions flies the Gnome,  
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11. For, that sad moment, etc.] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse, that describe the House of Spleen, are not in the first edition ; instead of them followed only these :

While her rack'd soul repose and peace requires,  
 The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires,  
 and continued at the 94th verse of this canto.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 177.

*Ille quoque eversus mons est, etc.*

*Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant ?*

Cattull. de com. Berenices.

Ver. 1. *At regina gravi, &c.* Virg. Æn. 4.

No cheerful breeze this fullen region knows,  
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20  
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,  
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,  
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,  
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne ; alike in place,  
But diff'reng far in figure and in face. 26  
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,  
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd ;  
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and  
noons,

Her hand is fill'd ; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,  
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,  
Practis'd to lispe, and hang the head aside,  
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,  
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming wo, 35  
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.  
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,  
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies ;  
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise ; 40  
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,  
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.  
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,  
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :  
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45  
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,  
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.  
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,  
One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout : 50  
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks ;  
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 51. *Homer's tripod walks ;*] See Hom. Iliad 18. of Vulcan's walking tripods.

Ver. 52. *and the e a goose-pye talks ;*] Alludes to a real fact, a lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition.

Men

Men prove with child, as pow'ful Fancy works ;  
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the Gnome thro' this fantastic band, 55  
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.

Then thus address'd the pow'r — Hail wayward  
Queen !

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen ;  
Parent of vapours and of female wit,  
Who give th' hysterick or poetic fit, 60

On various tempers act by various ways,  
Make some take physic, others scribble plays ;  
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,  
And send the godly in a pet to pray.

A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65  
And thoufands more in equal mirth maintains.  
But oh ! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,  
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,

Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,  
Or change complexions at a losing game ; 70  
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,

Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds ;  
Or caus'd suspicion when no foul was rude,  
Or discompos'd the head-dres's of a prude,  
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75

Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease :  
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,  
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The goddes, with a discontented air,  
Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r. 80  
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,

Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;

There she collects the force of female lungs,  
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85  
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.

The Gnoine rejoicing bears her gifts away,  
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,  
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound. 90

Full

Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,  
And all the furies issu'd at the vent,  
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,  
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire. 94

O wretched maid ! she spread her hands and cry'd,  
(While Hampton's echoes, *Wretched maid !* reply'd),  
Was it for this you took such constant care

The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ?

For this your locks in paper-durance bound,  
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around ? 100

For this with fillets strain'd your tender head ?

And bravely bore the double loads of lead ?

Gods ! shall the ravisher display your hair,  
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare ?

Honour forbid ! at whose unrival'd shrine

Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign. 105

Methinks already I your tears survey,

Already hear the horrid things they say,

Already see you a degraded toast,

And all your honour in a whisper lost !

How shall I, then, your helpless Fame defend ?

'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend !

And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,

Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,

And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115

On that rapacious hand for ever blaze !

Sooner shall grafts in Hyde-park circus grow,

And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow ;

Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,

Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all ! 120

She said ; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,

And bids her beau demand the precious hairs :

(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,

And the nice conduct of a clouded cane),

With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125

He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,

#### NOTES.

Ver. 121. *Sir Plume repairs,*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the party who took the thing seriously. He was angry that the poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense ; and, in truth, one could not well blame him.

And

And thus broke out — “ My Lord, why, what the  
“ devil ?

“ Z—ds ! damn the Lock ! 'fore Gad, you must be  
“ civil !

“ Plague on't ! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox !

“ Give her the hair”—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again) 131

Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.

But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I fwear,

(Which never more shall join its parted hair ;

Which never more its honours shall renew, 135

Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew),

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,

This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread

The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome ! forbears not so ;

He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.

Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,

Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears ;

On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145

Which with a sigh she rais'd ; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,

Which snatch'd my belt, my fav'rite curl away !

Happy ! ah ten times happy had I been,

If Hampton-court these eyes had never seen ! 150

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid ;

By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.

Oh had I rather, unadmir'd, remain'd

In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;

#### NOTES.

Ver. 141. *Eut Un'riel, bateful Gnome ! forbears not so ;*  
*He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.*] These two lines are  
 additional ; and assign the cause of the different operation on the  
 passions of the two ladies. The poem went on before without  
 that distinction, as without any machinery, to the end of the  
 canto.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In allusion to Achilles's oath in  
 Homer. Il. 1.

Where

Where the gilt chariot never marks the way, 155  
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste bohea !  
**T**here kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,  
 Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.  
 What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam ?  
 O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home ! 160  
 'Twas thus the morning-omens seem'd to tell ;  
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;  
 The tott'ring China shook without a wind,  
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !  
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165  
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late !  
 See the poor remnants of these flighted hairs !  
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares :  
 These in two fable ringlets taught to break,  
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ; 170  
 The Sister-Lock now fits uncouth, alone,  
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;  
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,  
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.  
 Oh, hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize 175  
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !

## CANTO V.

**S**HE said : the pitying audience melt in tears,  
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears,  
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,  
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails ?  
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, 5  
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.  
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan ;  
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 7. *Then grave Clarissa, etc.*] A new character introduced  
 in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of  
 the poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in  
 Homer.

Say,

Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,  
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast ?  
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford, 11  
 Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd ?  
 Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd beaus,  
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows ?  
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15  
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains !  
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,  
 Behold the first in virtue as in face !  
 Oh ! if to dance all night, and dress all day,  
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away ; 20  
 Who would not scorn what housewifes cares produce,  
 Or, who would learn one earthly thing of use ?  
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a faint,  
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 9, *Say, why are beauties, etc.*]

Why boast we, Glaucus ! our extended reign,  
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain ;  
 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,  
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,  
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,  
 Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound ;  
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,  
 Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd ;  
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,  
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'r's above ?  
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace ;  
 The first in valour, as the first in place :  
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands  
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,  
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,  
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate.  
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,  
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,  
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare  
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.  
 But since, alas ! ignoble age must come,  
 Disease, and Death's inexorable doom ;  
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,  
 And give to Fame what we to Nature owe ;  
 Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,  
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

But

But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay, 25  
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray ;  
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,  
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid ;  
 What then remains but well our pow'r to use,  
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose ? 30  
 And, trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,  
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding  
 fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;  
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensu'd ; 35  
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.  
 To arms, to arms ! the fierce virago cries,  
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.  
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack ;  
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;  
 Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise, 41  
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.  
 No common weapons in their hands are found,  
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage, 45  
 And heav'ly breasts with human passions rage ;  
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;  
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :  
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,  
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :  
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives  
 way, 51  
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

## NOTES.

Ver. 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer, Il. 20.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35. *So spoke the dame,*] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech,

So spoke—and all the heroes applauded.

Ver. 37. *To arms, to arms !*] From hence the first edition goes on to the conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the machinery in view to the end of the poem.

Triumphant

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height  
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight :  
 Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sp'rits survey  
 The growing combat, or assist the fray. 55

While thro' the pres' enrag'd Thalestris flies,  
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,  
 A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,  
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60  
 " O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear,"  
 Cry'd Dapperwit, and funk beside his chair.  
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,  
 " Those eyes are made so killing" — was his last.  
 Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies 65  
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,  
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown ;  
 She smil'd to see the daughty hero slain,  
 But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,  
 Weighs the mens wit against the lady's hair ;  
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;  
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75  
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes :

#### NOTES.

Ver. 71. Now Jove, etc.] *Vid. Homer, Iliad viii. and Virg. Aen. xii.*

#### VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva, in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the suitors in Odyss. perches on a beam of the roof to behold it.

Ver. 64. *Those eyes are made so killing.*] The words of a song in the opera of Camilla.

Ver. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*]

" Sic ubi fata vocant, uidis abjectus in herbis,

" Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor." *Ovid. Ep.*

Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,  
 Who fought no more than on his foe to die.  
 But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,  
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd : 80  
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,  
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;  
 The Gnomes direct to ev'ry atom just,  
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.  
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85  
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,  
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side :  
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,  
 Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck, 90  
 In three seal-rings ; which after, melted down,  
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown ;  
 Her infant-grandame's whistle next it grew,  
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew ;  
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95  
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall, (he cry'd), insulting foe !  
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.  
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind :  
 All that I dread is leaving you behind ! 100  
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,  
 And burn in Cupid's flames, — but burn alive.

Restore the lock ! she cries ; and all around,  
*Restore the lock !* the vaulted roofs rebound.  
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105  
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.  
 But see how oft ambitious aims are crost,  
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost !  
 The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,  
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain : 110

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 83. *The Gnomes di. e7]* These two lines added for the above reason.

Ver. 89. *The same, his ancient personage to deck,]* In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, Iliad 2.

With

With such a prize no mortal must be blest,  
So Heav'n decrees ! with Heaven who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,  
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.  
There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases, 115  
And beaus' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.  
There broken vows and deathbed-alms are found,  
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,  
The courtier's promises, and sick mens pray'rs,  
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120  
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,  
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the muse — she saw it upward rise,  
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes :  
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,  
To Proculus alone confess'd in view). 126

A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,  
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.  
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,  
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130  
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,  
And pleas'd, pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,  
And hail with music its propitious ray.  
This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take, 135  
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.  
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,  
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes ;

## NOTES.

Ver. 114. Since all things left] *Vid. Ariosto, canto 34.*

Ver. 137. This Partridge soon] John Partridge was a ridiculous stargazer, who in his almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English.

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 131. The Sylphs behold] These two lines added for the same reason, to keep in view the machinery of the poem.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 128. " Flammiferumque trahens spatiose limite crinem.

" Stella micat ———." *Ovid.*

And hence th' egregious wizard shall fore doom  
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright nymph, to mourn thy ravish'd  
hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !

Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,

Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.

For after all the murders of your eye, 145

When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;

When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,

And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,

This lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,

And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150



ELEGY to the memory of an Unfortunate  
LADY \*.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade  
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ?  
'Tis she ! — but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,  
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?  
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,  
Is it, in Heav'n, a crime to love too well ?  
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,  
To act a lover's or a Roman's part ?  
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,  
For those who greatly think, or bravely die ? 10

Why bade ye else, ye pow'r's ! her soul aspire  
Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?  
Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes ;  
The glorious fault of angels and of gods :  
Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15  
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.  
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,  
Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage :  
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years  
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ; 20  
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,  
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)  
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
As into air the purer spirits flow, 25  
And sep'rate from their kindred-dregs below ;  
So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

NOTES.

\* See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a lady designing to retire into a monastery, compared with Mr. Pope's *Letters to several ladies*, *lett. 22. vol. 5.* She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,  
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood ! 30  
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,  
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;  
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,  
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.  
 Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball, 35  
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :  
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
 And frequent herses shall besiege your gates ;  
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,  
 (While the long fun'rals blacken all the way), 40  
 Lo ! these were they, whose souls the furies steel'd,  
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.  
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !  
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45  
 For others' good, or melt at others' wo.  
 What can atone (oh ever injur'd shade !)  
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?  
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear  
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier ;  
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 51  
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,  
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !  
 What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear, 55  
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,  
 And bear about the mockery of wo  
 To midnight-dances, and the public show ?  
 What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,  
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ? 60  
 What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,  
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?  
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :  
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65  
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;  
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
 The ground now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests without a stone a name,  
What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame. 70  
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot ;  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !  
Poets themselves must fall like those they sung, 75  
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.  
Ev'n he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays ;  
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,  
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80  
Life's idle bus'nes at one gasp be o'er,  
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

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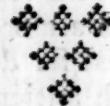
PROLOGUE to Mr. ADDISON's Tragedy  
of CATO.

**T**O wake the soul by tender strokes of art ;  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ;  
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :  
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage, 5  
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age ;  
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,  
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.  
Our authör shuns by vulgar springs to move  
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;  
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,  
And wild ambition well deserves its wo.  
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause, 10  
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :  
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,  
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.  
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,  
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was : 15

No

No common object to your sight displays,  
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys ; 20  
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
 And greatly falling with a falling state.  
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?  
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed ? 25  
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?  
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,  
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,  
 Ignobly vain and impotently great,  
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ; 30  
 As her dead father's rev'rend image past,  
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;  
 The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye ;  
 The world's great victor pass'd unheaded by ;  
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35  
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend : be worth like this approv'd,  
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.  
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd  
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd ;  
 Your scene precariously subsists too long 41  
 On French translation, and Italian song.  
 Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,  
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :  
 Such plays alone should win a British ear, 45  
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.



## EPILOGUE to Mr. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

[Designed for Mrs. OLDFIELD.]

PRODIGIOUS this ! the frail-one of our play  
 From her own sex should mercy find to-day !  
 You might have held the pretty head aside,  
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious thus, and cry'd,  
 The play may pass — but that strange creature Shore,  
 I can't — indeed now — I so hate a whore — 6  
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless scull,  
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool ;  
 So from a sister-sinner you shall hear,  
 " How strangely you expose yourself, my dear ? " 10  
 But let me die, all raillery apart,  
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart ;  
 And, did not wicked customs so contrive,  
 We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15  
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail ;  
 Such rage without betrays the fire within ;  
 In some close corner of the soul they sin ;  
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,  
 Amidst their virtues, a reserve of vice. 20  
 The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,  
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.  
 Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners ?  
 'Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with  
 finners.

Well, if our author in the wife offends, 25  
 He has a husband that will make amends :  
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving ;  
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.  
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,  
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse : 30

Plu —

Plu — Plutarch, what's his name that writes his life?  
 Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife :  
 Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,  
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.  
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make ; 35  
 But, pray, which of you all would take her back ?  
 Tho' with the Stoic chief our stage may ring,  
 The Stoic husband was the glorious thing.  
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,  
 And lov'd his country — but what's that to you ? 40  
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,  
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the city :  
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,  
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.  
 If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45  
 That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face ;  
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,  
 In all the rest so impudently good ;  
 'Faith, let the modest matrons of the town,  
 Come here in crouds, and stare the strumpet down. 50



TRANS.

# TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following translations were selected from many others done by the author in his youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of *exercises*, while he was improving himself in the languages, and carried, by his early bent to *poetry*, to perform them rather in verse than prose. Mr. Dryden's *Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the translations from Chaucer. They were first separately printed in miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the quarto edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having also got into miscellanies, we have put them here together to complete the juvenile poems.

S APPHO

## S APPHO TO P HAON.

## A R G U M E N T.

PHAON, a youth of exquisite beauty, was deeply enamoured of Sappho, a lady of Lesbos, from whom he met with the tenderest returns of passion: but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her, and sailed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loss of her lover, hearkened to all the mad suggestions of despair; and seeing no other remedy for her present miseries, resolved to throw herself into the sea, from Leucate a promontory of Epirus, which was thought a cure in cases of obstinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the *Lover's leap*. But before she ventured upon this last step, entertaining still some fond hopes that she might be able to reclaim her inconstant, she wrote him this epistle; in which she gives a strong picture of her distress and misery, occasioned by his absence; and endeavours, by all the artful insinuations and moving expressions she is mistress of, to sooth him to softness and a mutual feeling.

ANON.

## S APPHO to P HAON.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,  
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?  
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,  
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?

## S APPHO P HAONI.

Ecquid, ut inspecta est studioræ littera dextræ,  
Pretinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?  
An, nisi legisses anctoris nomina Sapphūs,  
Hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus?

Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse, 5  
 The lute neglected, and the lyric Muse ;  
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,  
 And tun'd my heart to elegies of wo.  
 I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn  
 By driving winds the spreading flames are born ! 10  
 Phaon to *Ætna*'s scorching fields retires ;  
 While I consume with more than *Ætna*'s fires !  
 No more my soul a charm in music finds ;  
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds,  
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please, 15  
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.  
 Nor more the Lesbian dames my passion move,  
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love ;  
 All other loves are lost in only thine,  
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine ! 20  
 Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,  
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes ?

For sitan et quare mea fint alterna, requiras, 5  
 Carmina ; cum lyricis sim magis apta modis.  
 Flendus amor meus est : elegeia flebile carmen ;  
 Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.  
 Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,  
 Fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager. 10  
 Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoidos *Ætnæ* :  
 Me calor *Ætnæ* non minor igne coquit.  
 Nec mihi, dispositis quæ jungam carmina nervis,  
 Proveniunt ; vacuae carmina mentis opus.  
 Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadesve puellæ, 15  
 Nec me Lesbiadum cetera turba juvant.  
 Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno :  
 Non oculis grata est Atthis, ut ante, meis ;  
 Atque aliae centum, quas non sine crimine amavi.  
 Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes. 20  
 Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni.  
 O facies oculis insidiosa meis !

The harp and bow would you like Phoebus bear,  
 A brighter Poebus Phaon might appear ;  
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair, 25  
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare :  
 Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,  
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame ;  
 Nymphs that in verse nor more could rival me,  
 Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.  
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays, 31  
 And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.  
 Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,  
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings ;  
 No less renown attends the moving lyre, 35  
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire.  
 To me what Nature has in charms deny'd,  
 Is well by Wit's more lasting flames supply'd.  
 Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends  
 To Heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends. 40  
 Brown as I am, an Æthiopian dame  
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame ;  
 Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues unite,  
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.

---

Sum fidem et pharetram ; fies manifestus Apollo :  
 Accedant capiti cornua ; Bacchus eris.  
 Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnosida Bacchus amavit ;  
 Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos. 30  
 At mihi Pegasides blandissima carmina dictant :  
 Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.  
 Nec plus Alcæus, confors patriæque lyræque,  
 Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet.  
 Si mihi difficilis formiam natura negavit ; 35  
 Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.  
 Sum brevis : at nomen, quod terras implet omnes,  
 Est mihi ; mensuram nominis ipsa fero.  
 Candida si non sum ; placuit Cepheia Perseo  
 Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ.  
 Et variis albæ junguntur fæpe columbæ ;  
 Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave. 40

If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign, 45  
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,  
 By none, alas ! by none thou canst be mov'd,  
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd !

Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,  
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy : 50  
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,  
 For oh ! how vast a memory has love ?

My music, then, you could for ever hear,  
 And all my words were music to your ear.  
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue, 55  
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.  
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best ;  
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.  
 Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,  
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60  
 Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,  
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.  
 The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame ;  
 Why was I born, ye gods, a Lesbian dame ?  
 But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs ! nor boast 65  
 That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost ;

---

Si, nisi quæ facie poterit te digna videri, 45  
 Nulla futura tua est ; nulla futura tua est.  
 At, me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar ;  
 Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.  
 Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)  
 Oscula cantanti tu mihi raptæ dabas. 50  
 Hæc quoque laudabas ; omnique a parte placebam,  
 Sed tum præcipue, cum fit amoris opus.  
 Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat, 60  
 Crebraque inobilitas, aptaque verba joco ;  
 Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,  
 Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.  
 Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ.  
 Quid mihi cum Lesbo ? Sicelis esse volo.  
 At vos erronem tellure remittite nostrum,  
 Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.

Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,  
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.  
 And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,  
 Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains ! 70  
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenour run,  
 And still increase the woes so soon begun ?  
 Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,  
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears :  
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame, 75.  
 Ignobly burnt in a destructive flame :  
 An infant-daughter late my griefs increas'd,  
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.  
 Alas, what more could Fate itself impose,  
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes ? 80  
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,  
 Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow ;

---

Neu vos decipient blandæ mendacia linguae. 65  
 Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.  
 Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,  
 (Nam tua sum), vati consule, diva, tuæ.  
 An gravis incepsum peragit Fortuna tenorem, 70  
 Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo ?  
 Sex mihi natales ierant ; cum lecta parentis  
 Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.  
 Arsus inops frater, victus meretricis amore ;  
 Miseraque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.  
 Factus inops, agili peragit freta cœrula remo ; 75  
 Quasque male amisit, nunc male querit opes.  
 Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.  
 Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.  
 Et tanquam defint, quæ me sine fine fatigent,  
 Accumulat curas filia parva meas.  
 Ultima tu nostris accedit causa querelis.  
 Non agitur vento nostra carina suo. 80  
 Ecce, jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli ;  
 Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.  
 Veste tegor vili : nullum est in crinibus aurum :  
 Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet.

No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse  
 The costly sweetnes of Arabian dews,  
 Nor braids of gold the vary'd tresses bind, 85  
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind.  
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these ?  
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please !  
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,  
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love : 90  
 So from my birth the fisters fix'd my doom,  
 And gave to Venus all my life to come ;  
 Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,  
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.  
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won, 95  
 Who might not—ah ! who would not be undone ?  
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,  
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.  
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,  
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep. 100  
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,  
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.

---

Cui colar infelix, aut cui placuisse laborem ?

Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abest.

Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis ;

Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem. 90

Sive ita nascenti legem dixere forores,

Nec data sunt vitæ fila severa meæ ;

Sive abeuat studia in mores; artesque magistræ,

Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit,

Quid mirum, si me primæ lanuginis tetas

Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest ?

Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam.

Et faceres; sed te prima rapina tenet.

Hunc si conspiciat, quæ conspicit omnia, Phœbe;

Jussus erit somnos continuare Phaon. 101

Hunc Venus in cœlum curru vexisset eburno;

Sed vidit et Marti posse placere suo.

O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy !  
 O useful time for lovers to employ !  
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105  
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace !  
 The vows you never will return, receive ;  
 And take at least the love you will not give.  
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears !  
 The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110  
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,  
 (At least to feign was never hard to you) ;  
 Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said ;  
 Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid !  
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive, 115  
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.  
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,  
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.  
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,  
 But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live. 120  
 Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,  
 And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,  
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)  
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,

---

O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer ; utilis ætas !  
 O decus, atque ævi gloria tui !  
 Huc ades, inque sinus, formose, relabere nostros. 105  
 Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare finas.  
 Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis.  
 Aspice, quam sit in hoc multa litura loco.  
 Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius 110  
 Et modo dixisses, Lesbi puella, vale.  
 Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti ;  
 Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.  
 Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum injuria : nec tu,  
 Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.  
 Non mandata dedi ; neque enim mandata dedissem  
 Ulla, nisi ut nolles immemor esse mei. 120  
 Per tibi, qui nunquam longe discedat, Amorem,  
 Perque novem juro, numina nostra, deas ;  
 Cum mihi nescio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit ;  
 Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui.

Like

Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood, 125  
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopt my freezing blood;  
 No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,  
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of wo :  
 But when its way th' impetuous passion found,  
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound ; 130  
 I rave, then weep ; I curse, and then complain ;  
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.  
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,  
 Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.  
 My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135  
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,  
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes,  
 And, Why this grief ? thy daughter lives, he cries.  
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,  
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140  
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim ;  
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame !  
 'Tis thou art all my care, and my delight,  
 My daily longing, and my dream by night :  
 Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day, 145  
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,

---

Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato.  
 A strictum gelido frigore pectus erat.  
 Postquam se dolor invenit ; nec pectora plangit, 130  
 Nec puduit scissis exululare comis.  
 Non aliter, quam si nati pia mater adempti  
 Portet ad exstructos corpus inane rogos.  
 Gaudet, et e nostro crescit mœrore Charaxus 135  
 Frater ; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.  
 Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris ;  
 Quid dolet hæc ? certe filia vivit, ait.  
 Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor : omne videbat  
 Vulgus ; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu. 140  
 Tu mihi cura, Phaon : te somnia nostra reducunt ;  
 Somnia formoso candidiora die.  
 Illuc te invenio, quamquam regionibus absis. 145  
 Sed non longa fatis gaudia somnus habet.  
 And,

And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,  
Restores my fair deserter to my arms !  
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine ;  
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine : 150  
A thousand tender words I hear and speak ;  
A thousand melting kisses give and take :  
Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,  
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.  
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155  
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,  
As if once more forsaken, I complain,  
And close my eyes to dream of you again :  
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove  
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove, 160  
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,  
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.  
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,  
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,  
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,  
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone. 165

---

Sæpe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,  
Sæpe tuæ videor supposuisse meos. 150  
Blandior interdum, verisque simillima verba  
Eloquor ; et vigilant sensibus ora meis.  
Oscula cognosco, quæ tu committere linguæ,  
Aptaque confueras accipere, apta dare.  
Ulteriora pudet narrare ; sed omnia fiunt,  
Et juvat, et sine te non libet esse mihi.  
At cum se Titan ostendit, et omnia secum,  
Tam cito me somnos destituisse queror.  
Antra nemusque peto ; tanquam nemus antraque  
Conscia deliciis illa fuere tuis. (prosint ; 160  
Hluc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho  
Impulit in collo crine jacente, feror.  
Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,  
Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.  
Invenio sylvam, quæ sæpe cubilia nobis  
Præbuit, et multa textit opaca coma. 166

I find

I find the shades that veil'd our joys before ;  
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.  
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray  
 Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay ; 170  
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,  
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.  
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,  
 And birds defer their songs till thy return :  
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175  
 All but the mournful Philomel and I :  
 With mournful Philomel I join my strain,  
 Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,  
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below : 180  
 A flow'ry lotos spreads its arms above,  
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;  
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,  
 Watch'd by the fylvan genius of the place.  
 Here as I lay, and fwell'd with tears the flood, 185  
 Before my sight a wat'r'y virgin stood :

At non invenio dominum sylvæque, meumque.  
 Vile solum locus est : dos erat ille loci.  
 Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas : 170  
 De nostra curvum pondere gramen erat.  
 Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuiſti ;  
 Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.  
 Quin etiam rami positis lugere videntur  
 Frondibus ; et nullæ dulce queruntur aves.  
 Sola virum non ulta pie mœſtissima mater 175  
 Concinit Iſinarium Daulias ales Ityn.  
 Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores.  
 Hactenus, ut media cetera nocte silent.  
 Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni, 180  
 Fons facer : hunc multi numen habere putant.  
 Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,  
 Una nemus : tenero cespite terra viret.  
 Hic ego cum lassos posuifsem fletibus artus, 185  
 Conſtituit ante oculos Naias una meos.

She.

She stood, and cry'd, " O you that love in vain !  
 " Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.  
 " There stands a rock, from whose impending steep  
 " Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ; 190  
 " There injur'd lovers leaping from above,  
 " Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.  
 " Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,  
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd :  
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the main,  
 " Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain. 196  
 " Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw  
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !"  
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice — I rise,  
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes. 200  
 I go, ye nymphs ! those rocks and seas to prove ;  
 How much I fear ! but ah, how much I love !  
 I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires ;  
 Let female fears submit to female fires.  
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate, 205  
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.  
 Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,  
 And softly lay me on the waves below !

---

Constitit, et dixit, " Quoniam non ignibus æquis  
 " Ucris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.  
 " Phœbus ab excuso, quantum patet, aspicit æquor :  
 " Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant. 190  
 " Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhæ succensus amore  
 " Misit, et illæso corpore pressit aquas. 195  
 " Nec mora : versus Amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhæ  
 " Pectora ; Deucalion igne levatus erat.  
 " Hanc legem Iccus ille tenet : pete protinus altam  
 " Leucada ; nec faxo desiluisse time." 200  
 Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida surgo :  
 Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.  
 Itimus, ò nymphæ, monstrataque saxa petemus.  
 Sit procul infano victus amore timor.  
 Quicquid erit, n'elius quam nunc erit : aura, subito.  
 Et mea non iragnum corpora pondus habent.

And

And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,  
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,  
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane ! }  
 On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow, 212  
 And this inscription shall be plac'd below.  
 " Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,  
 " Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre ; 215  
 " What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee ;  
 " The gift, the giver, and the god agree."  
 But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why  
 To distant feas must tender Sappho fly ?  
 Thy charins than those may far more pow'rful be,  
 And Phœbus' self is less a god to me. 221  
 Ah ! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,  
 O far more faithless and more hard than they ?  
 Ah ! canst thou rather see this tender breast  
 Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom prest ? 225  
 This breast, which once, in vain ! you lik'd so well ;  
 Where the loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.  
 Alas ! the Muses now no more inspire,  
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre ;

Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas suppose cadenti :  
 Ne sim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ. 211  
 Inde chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam :  
 Et sub ea versus unus et alter erunt.  
 " Grata lyram posui tibi, Phœbe, poëtria Sappho :  
 " Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi." 216  
 Cur tamen Aetiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,  
 Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem ?  
 Tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda : 220  
 Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.  
 An potes, o scopulis undaque ferocior illa,  
 Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ ?  
 At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,  
 Quam poterant saxis præcipitanda dari ! 225  
 Hæc sunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare solebas ;  
 Visaque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.  
 Nunc vellem facunda forent : dolor artibus oblitus ;  
 Ingeniumque meæ substitit omne malis.

My

My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230  
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of wo.  
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,  
 Themes of my verse, and objects of flames,  
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,  
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:  
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign; 236  
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine !)  
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along  
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song.  
 Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires; 240  
 But ah ! how fiercely burn the lover's fires ?  
 Gods ! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move  
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love ?  
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,  
 The flying winds have lost them all in air ! 245  
 Oh when, alas ! shall more auspicious gales  
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?  
 If you return — ah why these long delays ?  
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.  
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain; 250  
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.

---

Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires. 230  
 Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra est.  
 Lesbides æquoreæ, nupturaque nuptaque proles;  
 Lesbides, Æolia nomina dicta lyra;  
 Lesbides, infamen quæ me fecisti amatæ;  
 Definite ad citharas turba venire meas.  
 Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat. 236  
 (Me miseram ! dixi quam modo pene, meus !)  
 Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque vestra redibit.  
 Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit. 240  
 Ecquid ago precibus? pectusne agreste movetur?  
 An rigit? et zephyri verba caduca ferunt?  
 Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.  
 Hoc te, si saperes, lente, decebat opus.  
 Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur  
 Munera; quid laceras pectora nostra mora?  
 Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare præstet eunti.  
 Aura dabit cursum; tu modo solve ratem. 251  
 O launch

O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales ;  
 Cupid for thee shall spread the fwelling fails.  
 If you will fly—(yet ah ! what cause can be,  
 Too cruel yóuth, that you should fly from me ?) 255  
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,  
 Ah let me seek it from the raging feas :  
 To raging feas unpity'd I'll remove,  
 And either cease to live, or cease to love !

Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido :

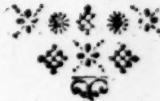
Ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu.

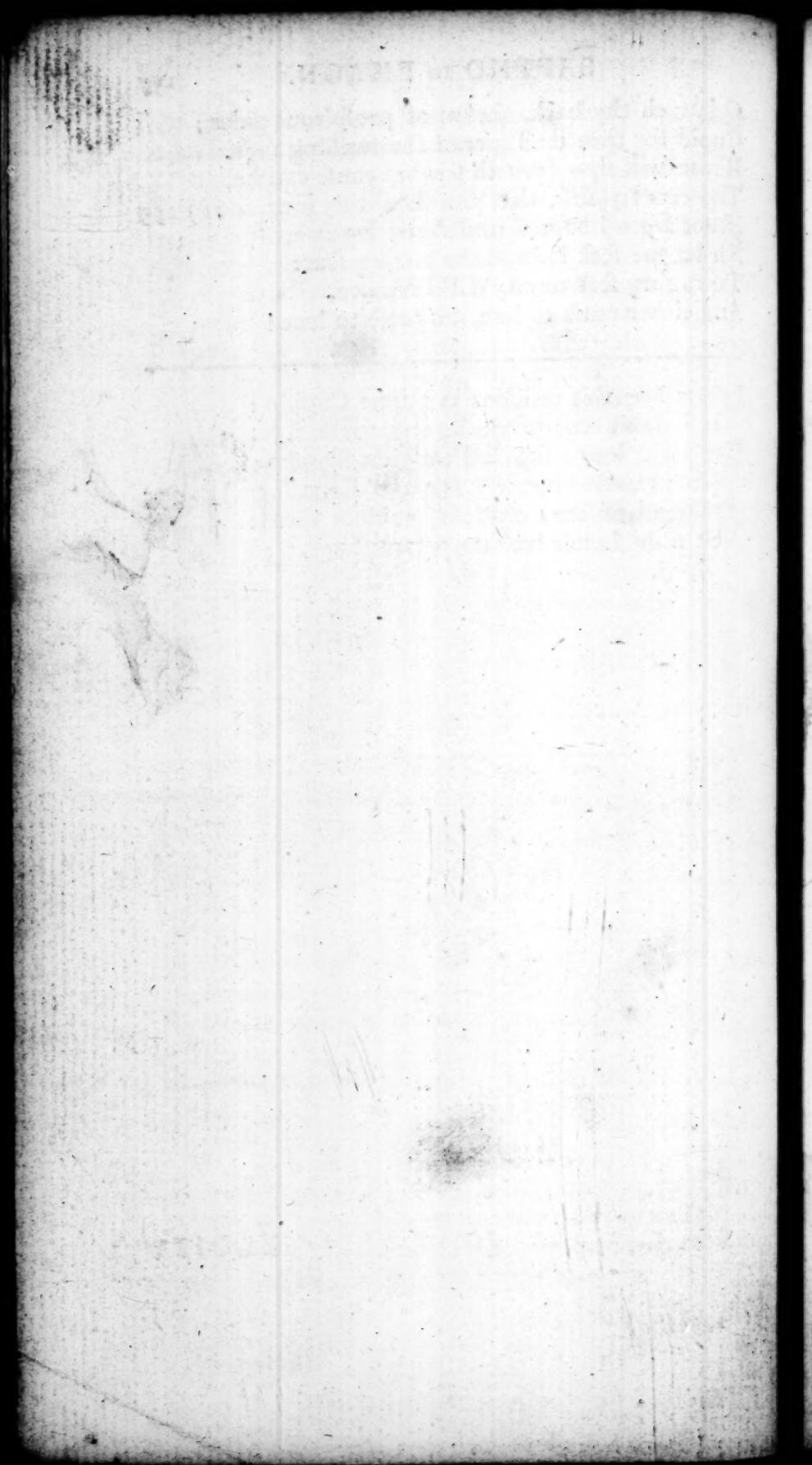
Sive juvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sappho ;

(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.) 255

[O saltem miseræ, crudelis, epistola dicat :

Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.]





## ELOISA TO ABELARD.

## ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century. They were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters, (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,  
Where heav'nly-pensive Contemplation dwells,  
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns ;  
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins ?  
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat ? 5  
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat ?  
Yet, yet I love !—From Abelard it came,  
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name ! rest ever unreveal'd,  
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd : 10  
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,  
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies :  
O write it not, my hand—the name appears  
Already written—wash it out, my tears !  
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,  
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys. 15

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains  
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains :

Ye rugged rocks ! which holy knees have worn ;  
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn ! 20  
 Shrines ! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,  
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !  
 Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,  
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part, 25  
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart ;  
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,  
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,  
 That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30

Oh name for ever sad ! for ever dear !  
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.  
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,  
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35  
 Led through a sad variety of wo :

Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,  
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !

There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,  
 There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join  
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.  
 Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away ;  
 And is my Abelard less kind than they ?  
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45  
 Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r ;  
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;  
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief ;  
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. 50  
 Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid :  
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love in-  
 spires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires ;  
 The virgins wish without her fears impart, 55  
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart ;

Speed

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,  
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name ;  
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind, 61  
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.  
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,  
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.  
Guiltless I gaz'd ; Heav'n listen'd while you sung ;  
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.  
From lips like those what precepts fail to move ? 67  
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love :  
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,  
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man. 70  
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see ;  
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,  
Curse on all laws but those which Love has made ?  
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75  
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.  
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,  
August her deed and sacred be her fame ;  
Before true passion all those yiews remove ;  
Fame, wealth, and honour ! what are you to love ?  
The jealous God, when we profane his fires, 81  
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,  
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,  
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.  
Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85  
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all :  
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove ;  
No, make me mistress to the man I love ;

## NOTES.

Ver. 66. *And truths divine, etc.*] He was her preceptor in philosophy and divinity.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 75. Love will not be confin'd by masterie :  
When masterie comes, the Lord of love anón  
Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone. Chaucer.

If there be yet another name more free,  
More fond than Mistress, make me that to thee ! 90  
Oh ! happy state ! when souls each other draw,  
When love is liberty, and nature law :  
All then is full, possessing, and possest,  
No craving void left aching in the breast : 94  
Ev'n thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,  
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.  
This sure is bleſſ, (if blifſ on earth there be),  
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd ! what ſudden horroreſ rise !  
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies ! 100  
Where, where was Eloife ? her voice, her hand,  
Her poniard had oppoſ'd the dire command.  
Barbarian, stay ! that bloody ſtoke reſtrain ;  
The crime was common, common be the pain.  
I can no more, by shame, by rage ſuppreſt, 105  
Let tears, and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,  
When viſtiſts at yon altar's foot we lay ?  
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,  
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewel ?  
As with cold lips I kifs'd the ſacred vei, 111  
The ſtrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale :  
Heav'n ſearce believ'd the conqueſt it ſurvey'd,  
And ſaints with wonder heard the vows I made.  
Yet then, to thoeſe dread altars as I drew, 115  
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :  
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call ;  
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.  
Come ! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my wo ;  
Those ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow. 120  
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,  
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,  
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſt ;  
Give all thou canſt — and let me dream the reſt.  
Ah no ! instruct me other joys to prize, 125  
With other beauties charm my partial eyes ;  
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,  
And make my foul quit Abelard for God.

Ab

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,  
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130  
 From the false world in early youth they fled,  
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.  
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls ; the desert sinil'd,  
 And Paradise was open'd in the wild.  
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135  
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;  
 No silver saints by dying misers giv'n,  
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n :  
 But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,  
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140  
 In these lone walls, (their day's eternal bound),  
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,  
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,  
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light ;  
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145  
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.  
 But now no face divine contentment wears,  
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears,  
 See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,  
 (O pious fraud of am'rous charity !) 150  
 But why should I on others' pray'rs depend ?  
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !  
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,  
 And all those tender names in one, thy love !  
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd 155  
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,  
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,  
 The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,  
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,  
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ; 160  
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,  
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.  
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,  
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,  
 Black Melancholy fits, and round her throws 165  
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose :

## NOTES.

Ver. 133. *You rais'd these hallow'd walls ;*] He founded the mo-

nastery.

Her

Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,  
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,  
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,  
And breathes a browner horrour on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;  
Sad proof how well a lover can obey !  
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain ;  
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,  
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175  
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch ! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,  
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.  
Affise me, Heav'n ! but whence arose that pray'r ?  
Sprung it from piety, or from despair ? 180  
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,  
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.  
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;  
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;  
I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185  
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new :  
Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence,  
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.  
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget ! 190  
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,  
And love the offender, yet detest th' offence ?  
How the dear object from the crime remove,  
Or how distinguish penitence from love ?  
Unequal task ! a passion to resign, 195  
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.  
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,  
How often must it love, how often hate !  
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,  
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget ! 200  
But let Heav'n seize it, all at once tis fir'd ;  
Not touch'd, but rapt ; not weaken'd, but inspir'd !  
Oh come ! oh teach me nature to subdue,  
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you,  
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205  
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot ?  
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot :  
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind !  
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd ; 210  
 Labour and rest that equal periods keep ;  
 " Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;"  
 Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n ;  
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heav'n.  
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams, 215  
 And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.  
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,  
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes ;  
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,  
 For her white virgins hymenæals sing ; 220  
 To sound of heav'nly harps she dies away,  
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,  
 Far other raptures, of unholy joy :  
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, 225  
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,  
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,  
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.  
 O curs'd, dear horrors of all-conscious night !  
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight ! 230  
 Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,  
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love.  
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,  
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.  
 I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view, 235  
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.  
 I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :  
 I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.  
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;  
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise ! 240  
 Alas, no more ! methinks we wand'ring go  
 Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's wo,  
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,  
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.

## NOTES.

Ver. 212. *Obedient slumbers,*] Taken from Craik.

Sudden

Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ; 245  
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.  
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,  
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain  
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ; 250  
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose ;  
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.  
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,  
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow ;  
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n, 255  
 And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?  
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.  
 Nature stands check'd ; religion disapproves :  
 Ev'n thou art cold — yet Eloisa loves. 260  
 Ah hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn  
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view ?  
 The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,  
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265  
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.  
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,  
 Thy image steals between my God and me,  
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,  
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270  
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,  
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,  
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,  
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :  
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275  
 While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,  
 Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,  
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,  
 And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul : 280  
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !  
 Oppose thyself to Heav'n ; dispute my heart ;  
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes  
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;

Take

Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;  
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs; 286  
Snatch me, just mounting, from the bles'd abode;  
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;  
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll! 290

Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,  
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;  
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.

Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)  
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu! 296

O Grace serene! oh Virtue heav'nly fair!  
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!

Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!  
And Faith, our early immortality! 300

Enter, each mild, each amicable guest:  
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell, sad Eloisa spread,  
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,  
And more than echoes talk along the walls.

Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,  
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to say),  
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away! 310

"Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,  
"Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:

"But all is calm in this eternal sleep;  
"Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep,

"Ev'n Superstition loses ev'ry fear:  
"For God, not man, absolves our frailties here." 315

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,  
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,  
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow: 320

Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,  
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;

See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,  
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!

Ah no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand, 325  
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,  
 Present the croſs before my lifted eye,  
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.  
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see !  
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330  
 See from my cheek the tranſient roses fly !  
 See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye !  
 Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ;  
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.  
 O Death all eloquent ! you only prove 335  
 What duſt we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,  
 (That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy),  
 In trance ecfatic may thy pangs be drown'd,  
 Bright clouds deſcend, and angels watch thee round,  
 From op'ning ſkies may ſreaming glories ſhine, 341  
 And ſaints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,  
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame !  
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345  
 When this rebeſlious heart ſhall beat no more ;  
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings  
 To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,  
 O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,  
 And drink the falling tears each other ſheds ; 350  
 Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,  
 " Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd !"  
 From the full choir when loud Hosannas riſe,  
 And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,  
 Amid that ſcene, if ſome relenting eye 355  
 Glance on the ſtone where our cold relicas lie,  
 Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heav'n,  
 One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiy'n.

## NOTES.

Ver. 343. *May one kind grave, etc.*] Abelard and Eloisa were interred in the ſame grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monaſtry of the Paraclete. He died in the year 1142, ſte in 1163.

And sure, if Fate some future bard shall join,  
In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360  
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,  
And image charms he must behold no more ;  
Such if there be, who love so long, so well ;  
Let him our sad, our tender story tell ;  
The well-fung woes will sooth my pensive ghost ; 365  
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.





# THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Written in the Year 1711.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: Yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title. Wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

IN that soft season, when descending show'r's  
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'r's;  
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,  
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;  
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest, 5  
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,  
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,  
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings),  
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,  
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10

### NOTES.

Ver. 1. *In that soft season, &c.*] This poem is introduced in the manner of the Provincial poets, whose works were for the most part visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Triumph* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower, and the Leaf*, &c. of the latter. The author of this therefore chose the same sort of exordium.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies :  
 The whole creation open to my eyes :  
 In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,  
 Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow ;  
 Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen, 15  
 There tow'ry cities, and the forests green :  
 Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes ;  
 There trees, and intermingled temples rise :  
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,  
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,  
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,  
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,  
 Or billows murmur'ring on the hollow shore :  
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25  
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.  
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,  
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way ;  
 The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,  
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone. 30

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 11. &c.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, book 2.

Tho' beheld I fields and plains,  
 Now hills, and now mountains,  
 Now vales, and now forestes,  
 And now unneath great bestes,  
 Now rivers, now citees,  
 Now towns, now great trees,  
 Now slippes sayling in the sees.

Ver. 27. *High on a rock of ice, &c.*] Chaucer's third book of *Fame*.

It stood upon so high a rock,  
 Higher standeth none in Spayne—  
 What manner stone this rock was,  
 For it was like a lymed glas,  
 But that it shone full more clere ;  
 But what of congeled matere  
 It was, I nidle readily ;  
 But at the last espied I,  
 And found that it w. s ev'ry cleare,  
 A rock of icer, and not of sticle.

Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,  
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd ;  
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,  
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.  
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd ; 35  
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.  
 Critics I saw that other names deface,  
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place :  
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,  
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40  
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,  
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun ;  
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays  
 Not more by envy than excels of praise.  
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel, 45  
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 31. *Inscriptions here, &c.c.]*

Tho' saw I all the hilly-grave  
 With famous folkes names fele,  
 That had been in much wele,  
 And her fames wide y-blow ;  
 But well unneth might I know,  
 Any letters for to rede.  
 Their names by, for out of drede  
 They weren almost off-thawen so,  
 That of the letters one or two  
 Were molte away of ev'ry name,  
 So unfamous was wox her-fame ;  
 But men said, what may ever last.

Ver. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, &c.c.]*

Tho' gan I in myne harte caft,  
 That they were molte away for heate  
 And not away with stormes beate.

Ver. 45. *Yet part no injuries, &c.c.]*

For on that other side I sey  
 Of that hill which northward ley,  
 How it was written full of names  
 Of folke, that had afore great fames,  
 Of old time, and yet they were  
 As fresh as men had written hem there  
 The self day, or that hour  
 That I on hem gan to poure :

The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,  
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.  
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past  
From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last;  
These ever new, nor subject to decays,  
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)  
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;  
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,  
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play; 55  
Eternal snows the growing mafs supply,  
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky:  
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,  
The gather'd winter of a thousand years. 60  
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;  
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.  
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,  
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.  
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face 65  
Of various structure, but of equal grace:  
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,  
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.  
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,  
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70  
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,  
The walls in venerable order grace:

## NOTES.

Ver. 65. *Four faces had the dome, &c.]* The temple is described to be square; the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture. The Doric order was peculiarly sacred to heroes and worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned, were the first names of Old Greece in arms and arts.

## IMITATIONS.

But well I wiste what it made;  
It was conserv'd with the shade.  
(All the writing that I sye)  
Of the castle that stood on high,  
And stood eke in so cold a place,  
That heate might it not deface.

Heroes

Heroes in animated marble frown,  
And legislatures seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd. 75  
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,  
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,  
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.  
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,  
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield : 80  
There great Alcides stopping with his toil,  
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil.  
Here Orpheus sings ; trees, moving to the sound,  
Start from their roots, and form a shade around :  
Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85  
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire !  
Cithæron's echoes answer to his call,  
And half the mountain rolls into a wall :  
There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,  
The domes fwell up, the wid'ning arches bend, 90  
The growing towers, like exhalations rise,  
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,  
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.  
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,  
And the great founder of the Persian name : 95  
There in long robes the Royal Magi stand,  
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand,  
The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,  
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods appear'd. 100  
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades  
To midnight-banquets in the glimm'ring glades ;

## NOTES.

Ver. 81. *There great Alcides, &c.]* This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese.

Ver. 96. *And the great founder of the Persian name :]* Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian monarchy. The Magi and Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher, except Confucius, the great lawgiver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago.

Made

Made visionary fabrics round them rise,  
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;  
Of talismans and sigils knew the pow'r,  
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.  
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,  
Who taught that useful science to be good.

But on the South, a long majestic race  
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace, 105  
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,  
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.  
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,  
Whom sceptered slaves in golden harness drew :  
His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold ; 110  
His giant-limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.  
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,  
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,  
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride. 115  
There huge colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,  
And Runic characters were grav'd around.  
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,  
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.

## NOTES.

Ver. 110. *Egypt's priests, &c.*] The learning of the old Egyptian priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy: They also preserved the history of their nation. Their greatest hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, &c. He is said to have caused the Kings he vanquished to draw him in his chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time.

Ver. 119. *Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,*] The architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest. Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that, being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that, during those trances, he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws. He is said to have been the inventor of the Runic character.

There

There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood, 125  
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,  
 Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),  
 And youths that died to be by poets sung.  
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,  
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130  
 In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face ;  
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,  
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,  
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies :  
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135  
 For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,  
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold :  
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around  
 With laurel-folieage, and with eagles crown'd : 140  
 Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,  
 The freezes gold, and gold the capitals :  
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,  
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.  
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145  
 The sage historians in white garments wait ;  
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,  
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.  
 Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms  
 In bloody fields puru'd renown in arms. 150

## NOTES.

Ver. 127. *Druids and bards, etc.*] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue. These heroic bards accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an after life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 132. *The wall in lustre, etc.*]

It shone lighter than a glass,  
 And made well more than it was,  
 As kind of thing Fame is.

High

High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd  
 The youth that all things but himself subdu'd ;  
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,  
 And his horn'd head belied the Libyan god.  
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas shone ; 155  
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;  
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,  
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.  
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,  
 But with their toils their people's safety brought: 160  
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;  
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;  
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,  
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;  
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind 165  
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,  
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,  
 Those of le's. noisy, and less guilty fame,  
 Fair Virtue's silent train : supreme of these 170  
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates :  
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,  
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell :  
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,  
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names : 175

## NOTES.

Ver. 152. *The yerb that all things but himself subdu'd ;*] Alexander the Great. The tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian princes. His desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon caused him to wear the horns of that god, and to represent the same upon his coins ; which was continued by several of his successors.

Ver. 161. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;*] Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians ; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.

Ver. 172. *He wbm ungrateful Athens, etc.*] Aristides, who, for his great integrity, was distinguished by the appellation of the Just. When his countrymen would have banished him by the ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an oyster-shell ; a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name.

Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,  
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,  
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;  
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180  
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.  
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone ;  
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne ;  
Father of verse ! in holy fillets drest,  
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ; 185  
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;  
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.  
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :  
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen ;  
Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190  
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall :  
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,  
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;

## NOTES.

Ver. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, etc.*] In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of Fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters : the columns on which they are raised, are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works ; which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 179. *Six pompous columns, etc.*]

From the dees many a pillere,  
Of metal that shone not full clere, &c.  
Upon a pillere saw I stonde  
That was of lede and iron fine,  
Him of the se<sup>t</sup> Santurnine,  
The Ebraicke Josephus the old, &c.  
Upon an iron piller strong,  
That painted was all endlong,  
With tygers' blood in every place,  
The Tholosan that hight Stace,  
That bare of Thebes up the name, &c.

Ver. 182.]

Full wonder hye on a pillere  
Of iron, he the great Omer,  
And with him Dates and Titus, &c.

A strong

A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,  
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

195

A golden column next in rank appear'd,  
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;  
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,  
With patient touches of unwearied art :

The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat,  
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;  
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,  
Great without pride, in modest majesty.

In living sculpture on the sides were spread  
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;  
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,

Æneas bending with his aged fire :  
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne  
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden ciphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,  
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight :

Here,

## NOTES.

Ver. 210. *Four swans sustain, etc.*] Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of poetry; their soaring posture.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 196. etc.]

There saw I stand on a pillere  
That was of tinned iron cleete,  
The Latin poet Virgyle,  
That hath bore up of a great while  
The fame of pius Æneas :

And next him on a pillere was  
Of copper, Venus' clerk Ovide,  
That hath sownen wondrus wide  
The great god of Love's fame—

Tho saw I on a pillere by  
Of iron wrought fully sternly,  
The great poet Dan Lucan,  
That on his shoulders bore up then  
As by as that I might see,  
The fame of Julius and Pompee.

And next him on a pillere stode  
Of sulphur, like as he were wode,  
Dan Claudio, sothe for to tell,  
That bare up all the fame of hell, etc.

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,  
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.  
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,  
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings. 215  
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,  
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.  
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;  
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;  
The champions in distorted postures threat ; 220  
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre  
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire :  
Pleas'd with Alcaeus' manly rage t' infuse  
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse. 225  
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace ;  
A work outlasting monumental brass.

Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,  
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.

## The

## NOTES.

intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 224, *Pleas'd with Alcaeus' manly rage t' infuse  
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.*] This expresses the mixed character of the odes of Horace. The second of these verses alludes to that line of his,

*Spiritum Graiae tenum camenæ.*

As another which follows, to

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*

The action of the doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode of his third book.

“ Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo  
“ Altricis extra limen Apulicæ,  
“ Ludo fatigatumque somno,  
“ Fronde nova puerum pâlumbes  
“ Texere ; mirum quod foret omaibis—  
“ Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis  
“ Dormirem et ursis ; ut premerer sacra  
“ Lauroque, collataque myrto,  
“ Non sine diis animosus infans.”

Which may be thus Englished :

While yet a child, I chanc'd to stray,  
And in a desert sleeping lay ;

The doves that round the infant poet spread 230  
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

Here in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,  
Sat fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite ;  
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,  
And various animals his side surround ; 235  
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view  
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.  
With equal rays immortal Tully shone,  
The Roman rostra deck'd the Consul's throne :  
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240  
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.  
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,  
And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,  
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies : 245  
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aking sight,  
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.  
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat  
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great ;  
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,  
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,  
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,  
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.  
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,  
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ; 255  
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,  
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.  
When on the goddes's first I cast my sight,  
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;

But

## IMITATIONS.

The savage race withdrew, nor dar'd  
To touch the muses' future bard ;  
But Cytheræa's gentle dove

Myrtles and bays around me spread,  
And crown'd your infant poet's head,  
Sacred to music and to love.

Ver. 259. Scarce seem'd her stature, &c.]

Methought that she was so litle,  
That the length of a cubite  
Was longer than she seem'd to be ;  
But thus soone in a while she,

But fwell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260  
 Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.  
 With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew,  
 And ampler vista's open'd to my view :  
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,  
 And arches widen, and long isles extend. 265  
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,  
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;  
 A thousand busy tongues the goddes hears,  
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.  
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270  
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :  
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;  
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string ;  
 With Time's first birth began the heav'ly lays,  
 And last, eternal, thro' the length of days. 275

Around these wonders as I cast a look,  
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,  
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,  
 From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall :  
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;  
 In various garbs promiscous throngs appear'd ; 281

## IMITATIONS.

Herself tho woderly straight,  
 That with her feet she the earth reight,  
 And with her head she touchyd heaven.—

Ver. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd, etc.* ]  
 I heaid about her throne y-sung  
 That all the palays-walls rung,  
 So sung the mighty Muse, she  
 That cleded is Caiilope,  
 And her seven sisters eke—

Ver. 276. *Around these wonders, etc.* ]  
 I heard a noise approchen blive,  
 That far'd as bees done in a hive,  
 Against her time of outflying ;  
 Right such a manere murmuring,  
 For all the world it seemed me.  
 Tho gan I look about and see  
 That there came entring into th' hall,  
 A right great company withal ;  
 And that of sundry regions,  
 Of all kind of conditions, etc.—

Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew  
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,  
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,  
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,

285

Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,  
And a low murmur runs along the field.

Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,  
And all degrees before the goddess bend;

The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,  
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.

Their pleas were diff'rent, their requests the same :  
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.

Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;  
Unlike successes equal merits found.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,  
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,  
And to the goddess thus prefer their pray'r.

Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,  
With studies pale, with midnight-vigils blind ; 301  
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,

We here appeal to thy superior throne :

On wit and learning the just prize bestow,  
For Fame is all we must expect below.

305

The goddess heard, and bade the muses raise  
The golden trumpet of eternal praise.

From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,  
That fills the circuit of the world around ;

Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud ; 310  
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :

By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,  
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 294. *Some she disgrac'd, etc.]*

And some of them she granted none,

And some she warned well and fair,

And some she granted the contrair —

Right as her sister dame Fortune

Is wont to serve in commune.

At

At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed.  
 Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread; 315  
 Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,  
 Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,  
 Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.

Since living virtue is with envy curst, 320  
 And the best men are treated like the worst,  
 Do thou, just goddes, call our merits forth,  
 And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.  
 Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,  
 (Said Fame), but high above desert renown'd: 325  
 Let fuller notes the applauding world amaze,  
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismis'd, behold another croud  
 Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;  
 The constant tenour of whose well-spent days 330  
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 318. *the good and just, etc.*]

Tho came the third compayne,  
 And gan up to the dees to hye,  
 And down on knees they fell anone,  
 And saiden: We been everichone  
 Folke that han full truely  
 Deserved fame right fully,  
 And prayen you it might be knowe  
 Right as it is, and forth blowe.

I grant, quoth she, for now we list  
 That your good works shall be wist.  
 And yet ye shall have better loos,  
 Right in despite of all your foos,  
 Than worthy is, and that anone.  
 Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—  
 And certes all the breath that went  
 Out of his trump's mouth smel'd  
 As men a pot of baume held  
 Among a basket full of roses—

Ver. 328. *beheld another croud, etc.*]

Therewithal there came anone  
 Another huge compayne,  
 Of good folke—

But straight the direful trump of flander sounds ;  
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;  
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,  
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies, 335  
 In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,  
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.  
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke  
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :  
 The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies, 340  
 And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,  
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore :  
 For thee, (they cry'd), amidst alarms and strife,  
 We fail'd in tempests down the stream of life ; 345  
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,  
 And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.  
 Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,  
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.  
 Ambitious fools ! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd),  
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ; 351  
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,  
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !  
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,  
 And each majestic phantom funk in night. 355

Then came the smalleſt tribe I yet had seen ;  
 Plain was their dres, and modeſt was their mien.

Great

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 338. *From the black trumpet's rusty, etc.]*

What did this Eolus, but he  
 Tooke out his trump of braſs,  
 That fouler than the devil was :  
 And gan this trump for to blowe,  
 As all the world shoulde overthrowe.  
 Throughout every regione  
 Went this foul trumpet's foune,  
 Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,  
 When fire is in the powder runne.  
 And ſuch a smoke gan out wende,  
 Out of the foul trumpet's ende — etc.

Ver. 356. *Then came the smalleſt, etc.]*

I ſaw anone the fifth route,  
 That to this lady gan loute,

Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim  
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !  
But safe in deserts from th' applause of men, 360  
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.  
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight  
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.  
O let us still the secret joy partake,  
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake. 365

And live there men, who slight immortal fame ?  
Who then with incense shall adore our name ?  
But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride  
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.  
Rise ! Muses, rise ! add all your tuneful breath ; 370  
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.  
She said : In air the trembling music floats,  
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;  
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,  
Ev'n list'ning angels lean'd from heav'n to hear : 375  
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,  
Sweet to the world, and grateful to skies.

## IMITATIONS.

And down on knees anone to fall,  
And to her they besoughten all,  
To hiden their good works eke  
And said, they yeve not a leke  
For no fame ne such renowne ;  
For they for contemplacyoun,  
And Goddes love had it wrought,  
Ne of fame would they ought.  
What, quoth she, and be ye wood ?  
And ween ye for to do good,  
And for to have it of no fame ?  
Have ye dispite to have my name ?  
Nay ye shall sien everichone :  
Blowe thy trump, and that anone,  
(Quoth she), thou Eolus, I hote,  
And ring these folkes works by rote,  
That all the world may of it heare ;  
And he gan blow their loofs so cleare,  
In his golden clarione,  
Through the world went the soun,  
All so kindly, and eke so soft,  
That their fame was blown aloft.

Next

Next these a youthful train their vows expres'd,  
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dres'd:  
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 380  
 The men of pleasure, dres'd aud gallantry;  
 Ours in the place at banquets, balls, and plays,  
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;  
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care  
 To pay due visits, and address the fair : 385  
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,  
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;  
 Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,  
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.  
 The joy let others have, and we the name ; 390  
 And what we want in pleasure grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,  
 And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange succeſſ, vast numbers preſt  
 Around the ſhrine, and made the fame requeſt. 395  
 What you (ſhe cry'd, unlearn'd in arts to please,  
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,  
 Who loſe a length of undeserving days,  
 Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praife ?  
 To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400  
 The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.  
 Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,  
 Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,  
 Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,  
 And ſcornful hiſſes run thro' all the croud. 405

Last, those who boast of mighty miſchiefs done,  
 Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne ;

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 378. *Next these a youthful train, etc.*] The reader might compare these twenty-eight lines following, which contain the fame matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus :

Tho came the ſixth compayne,  
 And gan faſte to Fame cry, etc.

being too prolix to be here inserted.

Ver. 406. *Last, those who boast of mighty, etc.*

Tho came another compayne,  
 That had y-done the treachery, etc.

Or who their glory's dire foundation laid  
 On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd ;  
 Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,  
 Of crooked counsels and dark politics ; 411  
 Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,  
 And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.  
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,  
 With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire. 415  
 At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,  
 And startled Nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown  
 Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from  
 the throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420  
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air ;  
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;  
 With ceaselfs noise the ringing walls resound ;  
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,  
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ; 425

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 418. *This having beard and seen, &c.]* The scene here changes from the Temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

Tho saw I stonde in a valey,  
 Under the castle fast by  
 A house, th<sup>t</sup> Domus Dedali,  
 That *Labyrinthus* cleped is,  
 Nas made so wonderly, I wis,  
 Ne half so queintly y-wrought ;  
 And evermo, as swift as thought,  
 This quient house about went,  
 That never more it still stent—  
 And eke this house hath of entrees  
 As many as leaves are on trees,  
 In summer when they ben grene ;  
 And in the roof yet men may sene  
 A thousand hoels and well mo,  
 To letten the sounre out go ;  
 And by day in ev'ry tide  
 Ben all the doors open wide,  
 And by night each one unshet ;  
 No porter is there one to let,  
 No manner tydings in to pace ;  
 Ne never rest is in that place,

Which

Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,  
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.  
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,  
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,  
As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430  
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;  
Hither, as to their proper place, arise  
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,  
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;  
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here. 435  
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes,  
The sinking stone at first a circle makes ;  
The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,  
Spreads in a second circle then a third ; 439  
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,  
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance :  
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,  
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make ;  
Another ambient circle then they move ;  
That, in its turn, impels the next above ; 445  
Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,  
And spread o'er all the fluid element.  
There various news I heard of love and strife,  
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 428. *As flames by nature to the, &c.*] This thought is transferred hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no less than one hundred and twenty verses, beginning thus :

Geffray, thou wottest well this, etc.

Ver. 448. *There various news I heard, &c.*]

Of werres, of peace, of marriages,

Of rest, of labour, of voyages,

Of abode, of deth, and of life,

Of love and hate, accord-and-strife,

Of loss, of llore, and of winnings,

Of hele, of sickness, and lessings,

Of divers transmutations

Of estates and eke of regions,

Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,

Of wit, of winning, and of folly,

Of good or bad government,

Of fire, and of divers accident.

Of

Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,  
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,  
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,  
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,  
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,  
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great, 455  
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new :  
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,  
 Confus'd unnumber'd multitudes are found,  
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ; 460  
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day :  
 Astrologers, that future fates forehew,  
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;  
 And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands  
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands ;  
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place, 466  
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.  
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,  
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;  
 And all who told it added something new, 470  
 And all who hear'd it made enlargements too,  
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 458. *Above, below, without, within, &c.]*

But such a great congregation  
 Of folke as I saw roam about,  
 Some within, and some without,  
 Was never seen, ne shall be eft —

And every wight that I saw there  
 Rownd everich in others ear

A new tyding privily,  
 Or else he told it openly  
 Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou  
 That is betide to-night now ?  
 No, quoth he, tell me what ?  
 And then he told them this and that, &c.

— Thus north and south  
 Went every tyding fro mouth to mouth,  
 And that encreasing evermo,  
 As fire is wont to quicken and go  
 From a sparkle sprong amiss,  
 Till all the citee brent up is.

Thus

Thus flying east and west, and north and south,  
 News travelled with increase from mouth to mouth.  
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475  
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;  
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,  
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,  
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480  
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,  
 And rush in millions on the world below.  
 Fame fits aloft, and points them out their course,  
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force:  
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon; 485  
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.  
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly, (sky.  
 Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro'  
 There, at one passage, oft you might survey  
 A lie and truth contending for the way; 490  
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,  
 Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent:  
 At last agreed, together out they fly,  
 Inseparable now, the truth and lie;  
 The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495  
 And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,  
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:

## NOTES.

Ver. 497. *While thus I stood, etc.*] The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a *moral* to the whole. In Chaucer he only answers, “ he came to see the place;” and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprised at the sight of a *man of great authority*, and awaking in a fright.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 489. *There, at one passage, etc.*]  
 And sometime I saw there at once,  
 A lesing and a sad sooth saw  
 That gonnen at adventure draw  
 Out of a window forth to pace—  
 And no man be he ever so wrothe,  
 Shall have one of these two, but botke, etc.]

What

What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?  
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ? 500

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,  
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?  
But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,  
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in others breath, 505  
Th' estate which wits inherit after death !

Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,  
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)

The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,  
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor; 510  
All luckless wits their enemies protest,  
And all successful, jealous friends at best.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;  
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.

But if the purchase cost so dear a price, 515  
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice :

Oh ! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,  
And follow still where Fortune leads the way ;  
Or if no basis bear my rising name,

But the fall'n ruins of another's fame ; 520  
Then teach me, Heav'n ! to scorn the guilty bays,

Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;  
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;

Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none !



170

171

JANUARY AND MAY:  
OR, THE  
MERCHANT'S TALE.

From CHAUCER \*.

HERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,  
In days of old, a wife and worthy Knight;  
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,  
Bles'd with much sense, more riches, and some grace;  
Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights, 5  
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:  
For long ago, let priests say what they cou'd,  
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,  
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more; 10  
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,  
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find:  
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,  
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.  
This was his nightly dream, his daily care, 15  
And to the heav'ly pow'rs his constant pray'r,  
Once, ere he dy'd, to taste the blissful life  
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,  
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.) 20  
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,  
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:  
But depth of judgment most in him appears,  
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.  
Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair, 25  
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;

\* This translation was done at sixteen or seventeen years of age.

To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,  
 Conduit him gently to the verge of life.  
 Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,  
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more : 30  
 Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,  
 Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join ;  
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,  
 To hope the future, or esteem the past ;  
 But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,  
 And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide. 35  
 The married man may bear his yoke with ease,  
 Secure at once himself and heav'n to please ;  
 And pass his inoffensive hours away,  
 In bleſſ all night, and innocence all day : 40  
 Tho' Fortune change, his constant spouse remains,  
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what ſo pure, which envious tongues will ſpare ?  
 Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.  
 With matchleſſ impudence they ſtyle thy wife, 45  
 The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;  
 A bosom-ſerpent, a domestic evil,  
 A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.  
 Let not the wife theſe fland'rous words regard,  
 But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard. 50  
 All other goods by Fortune's hand are giv'n,  
 A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.  
 Vain Fortune's favours, never at a stay,  
 Like empty shadows, paſſ, and glide away ;  
 One ſolid comfort, our eternal wife, 55  
 Abundantly ſupplies us all our life :  
 This bleſſing laſts (if thoſe who try ſay true)  
 As long as heart can wiſh—and longer too.

Our grandſire Adam, ere of Eve poſſeſſ'd,  
 Alone, and ev'n in paradise unbleſſ'd, 60  
 With mournful looks the bliſſful ſcenes ſurvey'd,  
 And wander'd in the ſolitary shade.  
 The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd  
 Woman, the laſt, the beſt reſerv'd of God.

A wife ! ah gentle deities, can he  
 That has a wife e'er feel adverſity ? 65

Would

Would men but follow what the sex advise,  
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.  
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won  
His father's blessing from an elder son : 70  
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life  
To the wife conduct of a prudent wife :  
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,  
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe :  
At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword 75  
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage  
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age ;  
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life, 10  
Would try that Christian comfort call'd a wife. 80  
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,  
To pass their judgment, and to give advice ;  
But fix'd before, and well-resolv'd was he ;  
(As men that ask advice are wont to be).

My friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful look 85  
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke),  
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,  
And, worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end ;  
How I have liv'd, alas ! you know too well,  
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell ; 90  
But gracious Heav'n has op'd my eyes at last,  
With due regret I view my vices past,  
And, as the precept of the church decrees,  
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.  
But since by counsel all things should be done, 95  
And many heads are wiser still than one ;  
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content  
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,  
To guide your choice ; this wife must not be old : 100  
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,  
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.  
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace,  
Of a stale virgin with a winter-face : 105  
In that cold season Love but treats his guest  
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.

No crafty widow shall approach my bed ;  
 Those are too wise for bachelors to wed ;  
 As subtle clerks by many schools are made,  
 Twice married dames are mistresses o' th' trade : 110  
 But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,  
 We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss ;  
 'Tis what concerns my foul's eternal bliss ;  
 Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse, 115  
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows ?  
 Then should I live in lewd adultery,  
 And sink downright to Satan when I die.  
 Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,  
 The righteous end were lost, for which I wed ; 120  
 To raise up seed to bless the pow'r's above,  
 And not for pleasure only, or for love.  
 Think not I dote ; 'tis time to take a wife,  
 When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life :  
 Those that are bless'd with store of grace divine, 125  
 May live like saints, by Heav'n's consent, and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,  
 (As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may),  
 My limbs are active, still I'm found at heart,  
 And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part. 130  
 Think not my virtue lost, tho' Time has shed  
 These rev'rend honours on my hoary head :  
 Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,  
 The vital sap then rising from below.  
 Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear 135  
 Like winter-greens, that flourish all the year.  
 Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,  
 Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said ; the rest in diff'rent parts divide ;  
 The knotty point was urg'd on either side. 140  
 Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,  
 Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.  
 Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,  
 Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,  
 There fell between his brothers a debate, 145  
*Placebo* this was call'd, and *Justin* that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun,  
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone) :  
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,  
As plainly proves experience dwells with years! 150  
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,  
To work by counsel when affairs are nice :  
But, with the Wise Man's leave, I must protest,  
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,  
As still I hold your old advice the best. 155 }

Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,  
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways ;  
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,  
To let my betters always have their will.  
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white, 160  
My word was this, Your Honour's in the right.  
Th' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise,  
As his mistaken patron to advise,  
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,  
A noble fool was never in a fault. 165  
This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word  
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord :  
Your will is mine ; and is (I will maintain)  
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man ;  
At least, your courage all the world must praise, 170  
Who dare to wed in your declining days.  
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,  
And let gray fools be indolently good,  
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,  
With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence. 175

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,  
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A Heathen author, of the first degree,  
(Who, tho' not faith, had sense as well as we),  
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust 180  
To those of gen'rous principles, and just.  
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,  
To give your person, than your goods away :  
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,  
First learn your lady's qualities at least ; 185

Whether

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,  
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;  
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,  
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.  
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find 190  
In all this world, much less in womankind;  
But if her virtues prove the larger share,  
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.  
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,  
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;  
And, spite of all his praises, must declare, 196  
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.  
Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,  
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear:  
While all my friends applaud my blissful life, 200  
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;  
Demure and chaste as any Vestal nun,  
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!  
But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,  
And he that smarts has reason to complain. 205  
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,  
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age:  
But, at these years, to venture on the fair!  
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,  
To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210  
Would busy the most vigorous of us all.  
And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse,  
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.  
If what I speak my noble Lord offend,  
My tedious sermon here is at an end. 215  
'This well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,  
Most worthy kinsman, 'faith you're mighty wise!  
We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause.  
To Heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.  
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:— 220  
What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?  
I say, quoth he, by Heav'n the man's to blame,  
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.  
At this the council rose without delay;  
Each in his own opinion, went his way; 225  
With

With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,  
The Knight should marry when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy ?

The charms of wedlock all his soul employ :

Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possest, 230

And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast ;

While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,

And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.

Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,

A mirror shows the figures moving by ; 235

Still, one by one, in swift succession, pass

The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glafs.

This lady's charms the niceſt could not blame,

But vile fufpicions had aspers'd her fame ;

That was with ſenſe, but not with virtue, bleſt ; 240

And one had grace, that wanted all the reſt.

Thus doubting long what nymph he ſhould obey,

He fix'd at laſt upon the youthful May.

Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,

But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind : 245

Her tender age, her form divinely fair,

Her easy motion, her attractive air,

Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,

Her moving softneſs, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice, 250

And thought no mortal could dispute his choice :

Once more in hafte he ſummon'd ev'ry friend,

And told them all, their pains were at an end.

Heav'n, that (ſaid he) inspir'd me first to wed,

Provides a conſort worthy of my bed : 255

Let none oppoſe th' election, ſince on this

Depends my quiet, and my future bliſs.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,

Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent, and wife ;

Chaste, tho' not rich; and, tho' not nobly born, 260

Of honest parents, and may ſerve my turn.

Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n ſo please ;

To paſs my age in ſanctity and eaſe :

And thank the pow'rs, I may poſſeſs alone

The lovely prize, and ſhare my bliſs with none ! 265

If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,  
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains : Full oft I've heard,  
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd,  
That 'tis too much for human race to know 270  
The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.  
Now, should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,  
To match the blessings of the future state,  
Those endless joys were ill exchanged for these ;  
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease. 275

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,  
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.  
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,  
Heav'n put it past your doubt whene'er you wed ;  
And to my fervent pray'r's so far consent, 280  
That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent !  
Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,  
Since it chastises still what best it loves.

Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair ;  
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair, 285 }  
One that may do your bus'nes to a hair ;  
Not ev'n in wish your happiness delay,  
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way :  
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,  
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow ! 290  
Provided still, you moderate your joy,  
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ ;  
Let Reason's rule your strong desires abate,  
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.  
Old wives there are, of judgment most accute, 295  
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute ;  
Consult with those, and be of better cheer :  
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd ;  
The match was offer'd, the proposals made. 300  
The parents, you may think, would soon comply ;  
The old have int'rest ever in their eye.  
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind ;  
When Fortune favours, still the fair are kind.

I pass.

I pass each previous settlement and deed, 305  
 Too long for me to write, or you to read ;  
 Nor will with quaint impertinence display  
 The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.  
 The time approach'd, to church the parties went,  
 At once with carnal and devout intent : 310  
 Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient wife  
 Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life ;  
 Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,  
 And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide, 315 }  
 The guests appear in order, side by side,  
 And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride. }  
 The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,  
 And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound ;  
 The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, 320  
 These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling  
 string.

Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,  
 Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,  
 Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain  
 Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace, 326  
 (So poets sing), was present on the place :

And lovely Venus, goddes of delight,  
 Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,  
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight ; 330 }  
 Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,  
 No less in wedlock than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd  
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.  
 Ye bards ! renown'd among the tuneful throng 335  
 For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song,  
 Think not your softest numbers can display  
 The matchless glories of this blissful day :  
 The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,  
 When tender youth has wedded stooping age. 340

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,  
 And darted am'rous glances at her lord.

Not

Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,  
 E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King:  
 Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day, 345  
 And fresh and blooming as the month of May!  
 The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,  
 Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:  
 Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight  
 Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night, 350  
 Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry pow'r  
 To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.

Meantime the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,  
 And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.  
 With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place, 355  
 And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,  
 Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;  
 Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,  
 Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire. 360  
 His lovely mistress all his soul possest,  
 He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:  
 His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,  
 Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.  
 There let him lie; till his relenting dame 365  
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,  
 Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light;  
 While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,  
 And Night's dark mantle overspread the sky. 370  
 Then rose the guests; and, as the time requir'd,  
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,  
 So keen he was, and eager to possest:  
 But first thought fit the assistance to receive, 375  
 Which grave physicians scruple not to give;  
 Satyrion near, with hot eringos stood,  
 Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,  
 Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,  
 And critics learn'd to explain to modern times. 380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undres'd,  
 The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bles'd.

What

What next ensu'd beseems not me to say ;  
 'Tis fung, he labour'd till the dawning day,  
 Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light, }  
 As all were nothing he had done by night ; } 386  
 And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.  
 He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,  
 And feebly fung a lusty roundelay :  
 Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast ; } 390  
 For ev'ry labour must haye rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive squire opprest,  
 Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast ;  
 The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,  
 He wanted art to hide, and means to tell. } 395  
 Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,  
 Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May ;  
 Which writ and folded with the nicest art,  
 He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run, 400  
 ('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the fun),  
 Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride ;  
 The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.  
 High mas' was fung ; they feasted in the hall ;  
 The servants round stood ready at their call. } 405  
 The squire alone was absent from the board,  
 And much his sicknes griev'd his worthy lord ;  
 Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,  
 To visit Damian, and divert his pain.

Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent ; } 410  
 They left the hall, and to his lodging went.  
 The female tribe surround him as he lay,  
 And close beside him sat the gentle May :  
 Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew  
 A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view ; } 415  
 Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,  
 With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May ?  
 On her soft couch uneasily she lay :  
 The lumpish husband snor'd away the night, } 420  
 Till couchs awak'd him near the morning-light.

What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,  
Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell :  
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,  
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray. 425

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,  
Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed ;  
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,  
Shed its selectest influence from above ;  
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame 430  
Felt the first motions of an infant-flame ;  
Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick squire,  
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move  
Your gentle minds to pity those who love ! 435  
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,  
The poor adorer sure had hang'd or drown'd :  
But she, your sex's mirrour, free from pride,  
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale : Some sages have defin'd  
Pleasure the sov'reign bless of human kind :  
Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)  
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those.

For, like a prince, he bore the vast expense  
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence : 445  
His house was stately, his retinue gay,  
Large was his train, and gorgeons his array.  
His spacious garden made to yield to none,  
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone ;  
Priapus could not half describe the grace 450  
(Tho' god of gardens) of this charming place ;  
A place to tire the rambling wits of France  
In long descriptions, and exceed romance ;  
Enough to shaine the gentlest bard that sings  
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs. 455

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,  
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,  
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd. }  
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)  
The dapper elves their moonlight-sports pursue : 460  
Their

Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,  
In circling dances gambol'd on the green ;  
While tuneful sp'rits a merry concert made,  
And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

461

Hither the noble Knight would oft repair,  
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care) ;  
For this he held it dear, and always bore  
The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.  
To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,  
He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat ;  
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,  
*Solus cum sola*, with his sprightly May.  
For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,  
The dutious Knight in this fair garden sped.

470

But, ah ! what mortal lives of bliss secure,  
How short a space our worldly joys endure !  
O Fortune, fair like all thy treach'rous kind,  
But faithless still, and way'ring as the wind !  
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,  
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit !  
This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,  
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,  
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,  
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

480

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,  
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.  
His wife, not suffer'd from his side to stray,  
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day, }  
Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd he sway.  
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain, 490  
And sigh'd full oft ; but sigh'd and wept in vain :  
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye ;  
For oh, 'twas fix'd ; she must possess or die !  
Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous squire,  
Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495  
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain,  
By secret writing, to disclose his pain :  
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,  
Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah,

Ah, gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,  
Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail ? 501  
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,  
Than be deluded when a man can see !

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,  
Was overwatch'd, for all his hundred eyes : 505  
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,  
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,  
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear ;  
She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510  
And gave th' impression to the trusty squire.  
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,  
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,  
What flight is that, which love will not explore ? 515  
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show,  
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do :  
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet, in spite of all,  
They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray ; 520  
It happ'd, that once, upon a summer's day,  
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play :  
He rais'd his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,  
And thus his morning canticle he fung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes ; 525  
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise !  
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,  
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain ;  
The winter's past ; the clouds and tempests fly ;  
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.  
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part 530  
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart ;  
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,  
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,  
To haste before ; the gentle squire obey'd : 535  
Secret, and undescrib'd, he took his way,  
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,  
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame ; 540  
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,  
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,  
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown :  
So may my foul have joy, as thou, my wife, 545  
Art far the dearest solace of my life ;  
And rather would I chuse, by heav'n above,  
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.  
Reflect what truth was in my passion shewn,  
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own, 550 }  
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.  
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,  
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight, }  
Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight.  
Each other loss with patience I can bear, 555  
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady and my wife,  
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.  
As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain ;  
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain ; 560  
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,  
My whole estate shall gratify your love :  
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun  
Displays his light, by heav'n it shall done.  
I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565  
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—  
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind ;  
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires the mind.  
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,  
And join'd to them my own unequal age, 570  
From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,  
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.  
For who that once posses'd those heav'ny charms,  
Could live one moment absent from thy arms ? 574

He ceas'd ; and May with modest grace reply'd ;  
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd) :  
Heav'n knows ! (with that a tender sigh she drew),  
I have a soul to save as well as you ;

And, what no less you to my charge command,  
My dearest honour, will to death defend. 580

To you in holy church I gave my hand,  
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band :

Yet after this, if you distrust my care,  
Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear :

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend, 585  
And let me hence to hell alive descend ;

Or die the death I dread no less than hell,  
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well ;

Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,  
Or once renounce the honour of my race. 590

For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came ;  
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.

But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,  
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect :

Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me ? 595  
These doubts and fears of female constancy ?

This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,  
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,  
Where Damian, kneeling, worshipp'd as she past. 600  
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,  
And singled out a pear-tree planted high :

'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,  
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.  
Thither th' obsequious squire address'd his pace, 605  
And climbing, in the summit took his place ;  
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view ;  
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun  
His heav'ly progress thro' the twins had run ;  
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields, 611  
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields ;  
Clear was the day, and Phœbus rising bright,  
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light ; 614  
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,  
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,  
 The fairies sported on the garden-side,  
 And in the midst their monarch and his bride.  
 So feately tripp'd the lightfoot ladies round, 620  
 The knights so nimbly o'er the green sward bound,  
 That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the  
 ground.

The dances ended, all the fairy train  
 For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain ;  
 While on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625  
 Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,  
 The treachery you women use to man :  
 A thousand authors have this truth made out,  
 And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,  
 A wiser monarch never saw the sun :  
 All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree  
 Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee !  
 For sagely hast thou said, Of all mankind, 635  
 One only just and righteous hope to find :  
 But shouldest thou search the spacious world around,  
 Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your wickedness ;  
 The son of Sirach testifies no less. 640  
 So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,  
 Or some devouring plague consume you all ;  
 As well you view the lecher in the tree,  
 And well this honourable Knight you see :  
 But since he's blind and old, (a helpless case), 645  
 His squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread Majesty I swear,  
 And by this awful sceptre which I bear,  
 No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,  
 That in my presence offers such a wrong. 650  
 I will this instant undeceive the Knight,  
 And in the very act restore his sight :  
 And set the strumpet here in open view,  
 A warning to these ladies, and to you,  
 And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true. 655 }  
 And

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?  
 Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,  
 She shall not want an answser at her need.  
 For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,  
 And all the sex in each succeeding age ; 660  
 Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,  
 And fortify their crimes with confidence.  
 Nay, were they taken in a strict embrase,  
 Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place ;  
 All they shall need is to protest and swear, 665  
 Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear ;  
 Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,  
 Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What tho' this fland'rous Jew, this Solomon,  
 Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one ; 670  
 The wiser wits of later times declare,  
 How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are :  
 Witness the martyrs who resign'd their breath,  
 Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death ;  
 And witness next what Roman authors tell, 675  
 How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,  
 And men interpret texts, why should not we ?  
 By this no more was meant, than to have shewn,  
 That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone 680  
 Who only is, and is but only one.  
 But grant the worst ; shall women then be weigh'd  
 By ev'ry word that Solomon has said ?  
 What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)  
 Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts ; 685  
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,  
 And did as much for idol-gods, or more.  
 Beware what lavish praises your confer  
 On a rank lecher and idolater ;  
 Whose reign indulgent God, fays holy writ, 690  
 Did but for David's righteous sake permit ;  
 David, the monarch after Heav'n's own mind,  
 Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.  
 Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak ;  
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break,  
 Know

Know then, I scorn your dull authorities, 696.  
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.  
 By heav'n those authors are our sex's foes,  
 Whom, in our right, I must, and will oppose.

Nay, (quoth the King), dear Madam, be not wroth:  
 I yield it up; but since I gave my oath, 701  
 That this much-injur'd Knight again should see;  
 It must be done—I am a king, said he,  
 And one whose faith has ever sacred been.—

And so has mine, (she said)—I am a queen: 705  
 Her answer she shall have, I undertake;  
 And thus an end of all dispute I make.  
 Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,  
 It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain, 710  
 And to the Knight our story turns again;  
 Who in the garden, with his lovely May,  
 Sung merrier than the cuckow or the jay:  
 This was his song: “Oh kind and constant be,  
 “Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.” 715

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew,  
 By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew:  
 The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her love  
 Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above. 719  
 She stopp'd, and sighing: Oh good gods, she cry'd,  
 What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?  
 O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;  
 Help for the love of heav'n's immortal queen!  
 Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the life  
 Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife! 725

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his lady's cry,  
 But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:  
 Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,  
 What could, alas! a helpless husband do?  
 And must I languish then, she said, and die, 730  
 Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?  
 At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,  
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;

Then

Then from your back I might ascend the tree;  
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

735

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,  
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.  
With that, his back against the trunk he bent;  
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all ! 740  
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall :  
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd ;  
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.  
What feats the lady in the tree might do,  
I pass, as gambols never known to you ; 745  
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,  
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo ! the wond'ring Knight  
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.  
Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent, 750  
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent.  
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,  
His rage was such as cannot be expres'd :  
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,  
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky. 755  
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair ;  
Death ! hell ! and furies ! what dost thou do there ?

What ails my Lord ? the trembling dame reply'd ;  
I thought your patience had been better try'd :  
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind ? 760  
This my reward for having cur'd the blind ?  
Why was I taught to make my husband see,  
By struggling with a man upon a tree ?  
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove ?  
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love ! 765

If this be struggling, by this holy light,  
'Tis struggling with a vengeance, (quoth the Knight).  
So Heaven preferve the fight it has restor'd,  
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd ;  
Whor'd by my slave — perfidious wretch ! may hell 770  
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good angels ! cry'd the gentle May,  
Pray Heav'n, this magic work the proper way !

Alas,

## JANUARY and MAY.

Alas, my love ! 'tis certain, could you see,  
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me : 773  
So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,  
But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said, (quoth he), I must maintain,  
For by th' immortal pow'rs it seem'd too plain—779

By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,  
(Reply'd the dame) ; are these the thanks I find ? }  
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind ! }

She said ; a rising sigh express'd her wo,  
The ready tears apace began to flow,  
And, as they fell, she wip'd from either eye 785  
The drops ; (for women, when they list, can cry).

The Knight was touch'd ; and in his looks appear'd  
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd :  
Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er !  
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more :  
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said ; 791  
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made :  
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw ;  
By Heav'n, I swore but what I thought I faw.

Ah my lov'd Lord ! 'twas much unkind, (she cry'd),  
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride. 796  
But, till your sight's establish'd, for a while,  
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,  
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray, 800 }  
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.  
So just recov'ring from the shades of night,  
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,  
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before }  
your sight.

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem ; 805  
Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem !  
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find  
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind :  
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,  
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss. 810

With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,  
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.

He

JANUARY and MAY.

    d her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,  
    urb'd with doubts and jealousies no more :  
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,  
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.      816

    Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,  
    Let all wise husbands hence example take ;  
    And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,  
    To be so well deluded by their wives.      820



# THE WIFE OF BATH.

From CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,  
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife !  
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,  
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.  
In all these trials I have borne a part, 5  
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart ;  
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led  
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says ;  
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days ; 10  
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,  
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,  
The words address'd to the Samaritan :  
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd ; 15  
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

*Increase and multiply*, was Heaven's command,  
And that's a text I clearly understand.  
This too, " Let men their fires and mothers leave,  
" And to their dearer wives for ever cleave." 20  
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,  
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.  
I've had myself full many a merry fit ;  
And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet.  
For when my transitory spouse, unkind, 25  
Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,  
I'll take the next good Christian I can find. }  
Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,  
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.

JANUARY and MAY.

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Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.

'There's danger in assembling fire and tow ;

I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.

The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,

No precept for virginity he found :

'Tis but a counsel — and we women still

Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

30

I envy not their bliss, if he or she

Think fit to live in perfect chastity ;

Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice ;

I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.

Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows

40

One proper gift, another grants to those :

Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,

And give up all his substance to the poor ;

Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny ;

But, by your leaves, divines, so am not I.

45

Full many a faint, since first the world began,

Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man :

Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,

And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.

For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heav'n,

50

And use the copious talent it has giv'n :

Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,

And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night :

His proper body is not his, but mine ;

For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

55

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,

Three were just tolerable, two were bad.

The three were old ; but rich, and fond beside,

And toil'd most piteously to please their bride :

But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,

The rest, without much los', I could resign.

61

Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,

Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in a-pace : with show'rs of gold

65

They made their court, like Jupiter of old.

If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,

And a new palsey seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives ! give ear, and understand,

Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.

For

For never was it giv'n to mortal man, 70  
 To lie so boldly as we women can :  
 Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,  
 And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul ; ('twas thus I us'd to say) ;  
 Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay ? 75  
 Treated, caref's'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam —  
 I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair ?  
 Art thou so am'rous ? and is she so fair ?

If I but see a cousin or a friend, 80  
 Lord ! how you swell and rage like any fiend !  
 But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,  
 Then preach till midnight in your easy chair ;  
 Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil,  
 And give up all that's female to the devil. 85

If poor, (you say), she drains her husband's purse ;  
 If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse ;  
 If highly born, intolerably vain,  
 Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,  
 Now gaily mad, now sourely splenetic, 90  
 Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick :  
 If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,  
 By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side ;  
 If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,  
 Or else her wit some fool-galant procures, 95  
 Or else she dances with becoming grace,  
 Or shape excuses the defects of face.  
 There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late  
 She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'ft) and asles, men may try, 100  
 And ring suspected vessels ere they buy :  
 But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,  
 They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake :  
 Then, not till then, the veil's remov'd away,  
 And all the woman glares in open day. 105

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,  
 Your eyes must always languish on my face,  
 Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,  
 And tag each sentence with, My life ! my dear !

If, by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd, 110  
 Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.  
 My garments always must be new and gay,  
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.  
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid ;  
 And endless treats, and endless visits paid, 115  
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies ;  
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye :  
 What ! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy ?  
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair, 120  
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.  
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,  
 I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd ? on what design ?  
 Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine ? 125  
 Sir, I'm no fool : nor shall you, by St. John,  
 Have goods and body to yourself alone.  
 One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes —  
 I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.  
 If you had wit, you'd say, " Go where you will,  
 " Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell : 131  
 " Take all the freedoms of a marry'd life ;  
 " I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord ! when you have enough, what need you care  
 How merrily soever others fare ? 135  
 Tho' all the day I give and take delight,  
 Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.  
 'Tis but a just and rational desire,  
 To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array, 140  
 And none can long be modest that are gay.  
 The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,  
 The chimney keeps, and sits content within ;  
 But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,  
 Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun ; 145  
 She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,  
 To show her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires  
 These three right ancient venerable fires.

I told

I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do, 150  
And told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.  
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,  
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.  
I tax'd them oft with winching and amours,  
When their weak legs scarce drag'd 'em out of doors ;  
And swore, the rambles that I took by night, 156  
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.  
That colour brought me many hours of mirth ;  
For all this wit is given us from our birth.  
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace 160  
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.  
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,  
By murmur-ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,  
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,  
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night. 165  
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,  
What ! so familiar with your spouse ? I cry'd :  
I levied first a tax upon his need ;  
Then let him — 'twas a nicety indeed !  
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold, 170  
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.  
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,  
But fulsome love for gain we can endure ;  
For gold we love the impotent and old,  
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.  
Yet with embraces curses oft I mixt, 176  
Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.  
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,  
For not one word in man's arrears am I.  
To drop a dear dispute I was unable, 180  
Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.  
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,  
" Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look !  
" Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek ;  
" Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek !  
" Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach, 186  
" Well should you practise, who so well can teach.  
" 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,  
" But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.

" Great is the blessing of a prudent wife, 190  
 " Who puts a period to domestic strife.  
 " One of us two must rule, and one obey;  
 " And since in man right reason bears the sway, }  
 " Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way. }  
 " The wives of all my family have rul'd 195  
 " Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.  
 " Fie, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;  
 " What! would you have me to yourself alone?  
 " Why take me, love! take all and ev'ry part!  
 " Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart. 200  
 " Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,  
 " You little think what custom I could have.  
 " But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!  
 " What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."  
 Thus with my first three lords I pass'd my life;  
 A very woman, and a yery wife. 206  
 What sums from these old spouses I could raise,  
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.  
 Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,  
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye. 210  
 In country-dances still I bore the bell,  
 And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.  
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,  
 Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;  
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,  
 And warm the swelling veins to feats of love: 216  
 For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,  
 A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;  
 Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,  
 As all true gamesters by experience know. 220  
 But oh, good gods! whence'er a thought I cast  
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,  
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,  
 Still warnis me to the bottom of my heart.  
 This wicked world was once my dear delight; 225  
 Now all my conquests, all my charms good night!  
 The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,  
 Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true ;  
He kept, 'twas thought, a private misf or two : 230  
But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,  
Not with my body, in a filthy way :  
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd ;  
And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,  
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry, 235  
With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.

His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,  
For here on earth I was his purgatory.  
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,  
He put on careless airs, and fat and fung. 240

How sore I gal'd him, only Heav'n could know,  
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the wo.  
He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,  
With other gossips, from Jerusalem ;

And now lies bury'd underneath a rood, 245  
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.

A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,  
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,  
Or wherè inshrin'd the great Darius lay ;  
But cost on graves is merely thrown away. 250  
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er ;  
So, blefs the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best,  
(Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest) ;  
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew 255  
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue ;  
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,  
While yet the smart was shooting in the bane.  
How quaint an appetite in women reigns !

Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains :  
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap ; 261  
A glutt'd market makes provision cheap.

In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,  
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.  
He boarded with a widow in the town, 265  
A trusty gossip, one dame Alison.  
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,  
Better than e'er our parish-priest could do.

To

To her I told whatever could befall ;  
 Had but my husband piss'd against a wall. 270  
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,  
 She—and my niece—and once more worthy wife,  
 Had known it all. What most he could conceal,  
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.  
 Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame, 275  
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,  
 That oft a-day I to this gossip went ;  
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town) :  
 From house to house we rambled up and down, 280  
 This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alfe,  
 To see, be seen, to tell and gather tales.  
 Visits to ev'ry church we daily paid,  
 And march'd in ev'ry holy masquerade ;  
 The stations duly, and the vigils kept ; 285  
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.  
 At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay ;  
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array ;  
 The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day. }

'Twas when fresh May her early blossom yields,  
 This clerk and I were walking in the fields. 291  
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,  
 I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,  
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,  
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn. 295  
 We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed ;  
 I still have shifts against a time of need :  
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,  
 Can never be a mouse of any soul. 299

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,  
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him ;  
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,  
 And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown. }  
 All this I said : but dreams, Sirs, I had none ; }  
 I followed but my crafty Crony's lore, 305  
 Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past ;  
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.

I tore

I tore my gown, I foil'd my locks with dust,  
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.  
Before my face my handkerchief I spread, 311  
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.  
The good man's coffin to the church was borne ;  
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.  
But as he march'd, good gods ! he show'd a pair  
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair ! 316  
Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be ;  
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he ;  
But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame ;  
And had a wond'rous gift, to quench a flame. 320  
A conj'ror once, that deeply could divine,  
Affur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.  
As the stars order'd, such my life has been :  
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin !  
Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace, 325  
And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.  
By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,  
I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale : A month scarce pass'd away,  
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day. 330  
All I posseſſ'd I gave to his command,  
My goods and chattles, money, house, and land :  
But oft repented, and repent it still ;  
He prov'd a rebel to my fov'reign will : 334  
Nay once, by Heav'n, he struck me on the face ;  
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lioness was I ;  
And knew full well to raife my voice on high ;  
As true a rambler as I was before,  
And would be so, in spite of all he swore. 340  
He against this right sagely would advise,  
And old examples set before my eyes ;  
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,  
Of Gracchus' mother and Duilius' wife ;  
And chose the sermon, as beſeem'd his wit, 345  
With ſome grave ſentence out of Holy Writ  
Oft would he ſay, Who builds his house on ſands,  
Pricks his blind horſe acroſſ the fallow lands ;

Or

Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,  
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home. 350  
All this avail'd not : for whoe'er he be  
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally :  
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,  
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)  
A certain treatise oft at ev'ning read, 356  
Where divers authors (whom the dev'l confound  
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.  
Valerius, whole ; and of St. Jerome, part ;  
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's art, 360  
Solomon's proverbs, Eloisa's loves ;  
And many more than sure the church approves.  
More legends were there here, of wicked wives,  
Than good, in all the Bible and saints lives.  
Who drew the lion vanquish'd ? 'Twas a man. 365  
But could we women write as scholars can,  
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickednes,  
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.  
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,  
And Venus sets ere Mercury ran rise. 370  
Those play the scholars who can't play the men,  
And use that weapon which they have, their pen ;  
When old, and past the relish of delight,  
Then down they fit, and in their dotage write,  
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow. 375  
(This by the way, but to my purpose now).

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,  
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,  
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)  
Brought her own spouse and all his race to wo. 380  
How Samson fell ; and he whom Dejanire  
Wrapp'd in th' invenom'd shirt, and set on fire.  
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,  
And the dire ambush Clytaemnestra laid. 384  
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan Dame,  
And husband-bull—oh, monstrous ! fie for shame !

He had by heart the whole detail of wo  
Xantippe made her good man undergo ;

How

How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,  
How many piss-pots on the fage she threw ; 390  
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head ;  
" Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,  
A fatal tree was growing in his land,  
On which three wives successively had twin'd 395  
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.  
Where grows this plant, (reply'd the friend), oh  
For better fruit did never orchard bear. [where?  
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,  
And in my garden planted shall it be. 400

Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove,  
Thro' hatred one, and one through too much love ;  
That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,  
And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought :  
The nimble juice soон feiz'd his giddy head, 405  
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead. [slain,

How some with swords their sleeping lords have  
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,  
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion ;  
All this he read, and read with great devotion. 410

Long time I heard, and fwell'd, and blus'h'd, and  
frown'd :

But when no end of these vile tales I found ;  
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,  
And half the night was thus confus'd in vain ;  
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,  
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor. 416

With that my husband in a fury rose,  
And down he settled me with hearty blows.

I groan'd, and lay extended on my fide ;  
Oh ! thou hast slain me for my wealth, (I cry'd), 420  
Yet I forgive thee — take my last embrace —  
He wept, kind soul ! and stoop'd to kiss my face ;  
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,  
Then figh'd, and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu !

But after many a hearty struggle past, 425  
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.

Soon

Soon as he said, My mistres and my wife,  
Do what you list, the term of all your life :  
I took to heart the merits of the cause,  
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ; 430  
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,  
With all the government of house and land,  
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.  
As for the volume that revil'd the dames, 434  
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now Heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow  
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below :  
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,  
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save !



THE

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THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
STATIUS  
HIS  
THEBAS.

Translated in the Year M DCC III.

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## A R G U M E N T.

ŒDIPUS King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns; and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adraustus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adraustus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Pamathe, and the story of Chorœbus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

*The translator hopes he needs not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood. But finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.*

THE  
THEBAIS OF STATIUS.

BOOK the FIRST.

Fraternal rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,  
The alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,  
Demand our songs; a sacred fury fires  
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.  
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes 5  
From the dire nation in its early times,  
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,  
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?  
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,  
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil? 10  
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,  
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?  
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,  
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found?

P. STATII THEBAIDOS.

LIBER PRIMUS.

Fraternas acies, alternaque regna profanis  
Decertata odiis, fontesque evolvere Thebas,  
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis  
Ire, Deæ? gentisne canam primordia diræ?  
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile paetum  
Legis Agenoreæ? scrutantemque æquora Cadmum?  
Longa retro series, trepidum si Martis operti  
Agricolam infandis condentem prælia fulcis 10  
Expediam, penitusque sequar quo carmine muris  
Jusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:  
Unde graves iræ cognata in mœnia Baccho;  
Quod sœvæ Junonis opus; cui sumpserit arcum

The fire against the son his arrows drew, 15  
 O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,  
 And while her arms a second hope contain,  
 Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,  
 And fix, O Muse ! the barrier of thy song 20  
 At Oedipus — from his disasters trace  
 The long confusions of his guilty race :  
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,  
 And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring eagles sing ;  
 How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood, 25  
 While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous  
 blood ;  
 Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,  
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole,  
 Or long before, with early valour strove,  
 In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove. 30  
 And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,  
 Increase of glory to the Latian name ! —  
 Oh bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,  
 Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.  
 What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space, 35  
 And croud their shining ranks to yield thee place ;

Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens  
 Ionum, socio casura Palæmone mater.

Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi  
 Præterisse finam : limes mihi carminis esto 20  
 Oedipodæ confusa domus : quando Itala nondum  
 Signa, nec Arctoos ausim sperare triumphos,  
 Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum,  
 Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos :  
 Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis  
 Bella Jovis. Tuque ò Latæ decus addite famæ,  
 Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis.  
 Æternum sibi Roma cupit : licet arctior omnes  
 Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida cœli  
 Pleiadum, Boreæque, et hiulci fulminis expers 35

Tho'

Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,  
Conspire to court thee from our world away ;  
Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,  
And in thy glories more serenely thine ; 40  
Tho' Jove himself no less content would be,  
To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee :  
Yet stay, great Cæsar ! and vouchsafe to reign  
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main ;  
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies, 45  
And people Heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame  
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame :  
Mean while permit, that my preluding Muse  
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse : 50  
Of furious hate surviving death, the sings,  
A fatal throne to two contending kings,  
And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air  
Express the discord of the souls they bear :  
Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts 55  
Of king's unbury'd in the wasted coasts ;  
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,  
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,  
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,  
In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep. 60

Sollicitet ; licet ignipedum frenator equorum  
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum  
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter æqua  
Parte poli ; maneas hominum contentus habenis,  
Undarum terræque potens, et sidera dones.

Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior œstro  
Facta canam : nunc tendo chelyn ; fatis arma referre  
Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis,  
Nec furii post fata modum, flammisque rebelles  
Seditione rogi, tumulisque parentia regum  
Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes ; 55  
Cærula cum rubuit Lernæo sanguine Dirce,  
Et Thetis arentes assuetum stringere ripas,  
Horruit ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo.

What hero, Clio ! wilt thou first relate ?  
 The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate ?  
 Or how with hills of slain on ev'ry side,  
 Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide ?  
 Or how the youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd, 65  
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd ?  
 Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,  
 And sing with horrour his prodigious end.

Now wretched Oedipus, deprived of sight,  
 Led a long death in everlasting night ; 70  
 But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray  
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day ;  
 The clear reflecting mind prefents his sin  
 In frightful views, and makes it day within ;  
 Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75  
 And thousand furies haunt his guilty foul,  
 The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies  
 Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,  
 Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,  
 While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.

Ye gods ! that o'er the gloomy regions reign, 81  
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;

---

Quem prius heroum, Clio, dabis ? immodicum iræ  
 Tydea ? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus ?  
 Urget et hostilem propellens cædibus amnem  
 Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi 64  
 Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.

Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra  
 Merferat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem  
 Oedipodes, longaque animam sub morte tenebat.  
 Illum indulgentem tenebris, imæque recessu  
 Sedis, inaspectos cœlo radiisque penates  
 Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis  
 Sæva dies animi, seelerumque in pectore diræ. 75  
 Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miserabile vitæ  
 Supplicium, ostentat cœlo, manibusque cruentis  
 Pulsat inane solum, sævaque ita voce precatur : 80  
 Di fontes animas, augustaque Tartara pœnis

## NOTES.

Ver. 65. *Or how the youth]* *Patroclus.*

Thou,

Thou, fable Styx ! whose livid streams are roll'd  
 Thro' dreary coasts, which I, tho' blind, behold ;  
 Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my pray'r, 85  
 Assit, if Oedipus deserve thy care !  
 If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,  
 And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come :  
 If leaving Polybus, I took my way  
 To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day, 90  
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,  
 Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide :  
 If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,  
 Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign :  
 If wretched I, by baleful furies led, 95  
 With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,  
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,  
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd ;  
 Then self-condem'd to shades of endless night,  
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight :  
 Oh hear, and aid the vengeance I require, 100  
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire !

---

Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,  
 Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari  
 Annue Tisiphone, perversaque vota secunda ; 85  
 Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem  
 Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas  
 Firmasti ; si stagna peti Cyrrhae bicorni  
 Interfusa jugo, possem cum degere falso  
 Contentus Polybo, trifidæque in Phocidos arce  
 Longævum implicui regem, secuique trementis  
 Ora ienis, dum quæro patrem : si Sphingos iniquæ  
 Callidus ambages, te præmonstrante, resolvi ;  
 Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris 95  
 Connubium gavisus ini ; noctemque nefandam  
 Sæpe tuli, natosque tibi (scis ipsa) paravi ;  
 Mox avidus pœnæ digitis cædentibus ultro  
 Incubui, miseraque oculos in matre reliqui :  
 Exaudi, si digna precor, quæque ipsa furenti  
 Subjiceres : orbum visu regnisque parentem 100

My

My sons their old, unhappy sire despise,  
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes ;  
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105  
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn ;  
These sons, ye gods ! who with flagitious pride  
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.  
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove !  
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above ? 110  
Thou fury, then, some lasting curse entail,  
Which o'er their childrens children shall prevail :  
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,  
Which these dear hands from my slain father tore ;  
Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear ; 115  
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare  
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.  
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see  
Blind as I am, some glorious villany !  
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,  
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands : 120  
Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,  
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.  
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink  
Her snakes, unty'd, sulphureous waters drink ; 125

---

Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti  
Quos genui, quocunque toro : quin ecce superbi  
(Pro dolor) et nostro jamdudum funere reges,  
Insultant tenebris, gemitusque odere paternos.  
Hisce etiam funestus ego ? et videt ista deorum  
Ignavus genitor ? tu faltem debita vindex 110  
Huc ades, et totos in pœnam ordire nepotes.  
Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis  
Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis  
I media in fratres, generis confortia ferro  
Diffiliant : da Tartarei regina barathri 115  
Quod cupiam vidisse nefas. nec tarda sequetur  
Mens juvenum ; modo digna veni, mea pignora nosces.  
Talia jactanti crudelis Diva severos  
Advertit vultus ; in amœnum forte sedebat

But

But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,  
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.  
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,  
The gliding lightning, or descending star.  
Thro' crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,  
And dark dominions of the silent night ; 131  
Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,  
And the pale spectres trembled at her view :  
To th' iron gates of Tenarus she flies,  
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies. 135  
The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,  
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.  
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,  
Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.  
Now from beneath Malea's airy height 140  
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight ;  
With eager speed the well-known journey took,  
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.  
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,  
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head, 145  
In her funk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow :  
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,

---

Cocytus juxta, resolutaque vertice crines,  
Lambere sulphureas permiserat anguibus undas.  
Illicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris  
Tristibus exiliit ripis, discedit inane 130  
Vulgus, et occursus dominæ pavet; illa per umbras  
Et caligantes, animarum examine campos,  
Tænariæ limen petit irremeabile portæ.  
Sensit adessæ dies; piceo nox obvia nimbo 135  
Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas  
Horruit, et dubia cœlum cervice reniisit.  
Arripit extemplo Maleæ de valle resurgens 140  
Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ulla  
Itque redditque vias, cognataque tartara mavult.  
Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora cœrastæ, 145  
Turba minor diri capitis: sedet intus abactis  
Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phœbes.

When

When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high

A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.

Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came

150

Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.

From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath

Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.

A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,

A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone.

155

She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand

In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:

A serpent from her left was seen to rear

His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

But when the Fury took her stand on high,

160

Where vast Citharon's top salutes the sky,

A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:

The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,

And through th' Achaian cities send the sound.

Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;

165

Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise;

Again Lencotheë shook at these alarms,

And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.

Atracea rubet arte labor: suffusa veneno

150

Tenditur, ac fanie gliscit cutis: igneus atro

Ore vapor, quo longa fitis, morbique famesque,

Et populis inors una venit. riget horrida tergo

Palla, et cærulei redeunt in pectore nodi.

Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus.

155

Tum geminas quatit illa manus: hæc igne rogali

Fulgorat, hæc vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.

Ut stetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Citharon

160

Occurrit cœlo, fera sibila crine virenti

Congeminat, signum terris, unde omnis Achæi

Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna resultant.

Audiit et medius cœli Parnassus, et asper

165

Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten

In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthinos.

Ipsa suum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem

Headlong

Headlong from thence the glowing fury springs,  
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings, 170  
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds  
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.  
Straight with the rage of all their race possest,  
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,  
And all their Furies wake within their breast. 175  
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,  
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears ;  
And sacred thirst of sway ; and all the ties  
Of nature broke ; and royal perjuries ;  
And impotent desire to reign alone, 180  
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne ;  
Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,  
While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers by brawny ploughmen broke,  
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke, 185  
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear  
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,  
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,  
And all the furrows in confusion lay :

---

Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palæmona pressit.  
Atque ea Cadmæo præceps ubi limine primum 170  
Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates,  
Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,  
Gentilisque animos subiit furor, ægraque lætis  
Invidia, atque parens odii metus : inde regendi  
Sævus amor : ruptæque vices, jurisque secundi  
Ambitus impatiens, et summo dulcius unum  
Stare loco, sociisque comes discordia regnis. 180  
Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos  
Agricola imposito sociare affectat aratro :  
Illi indignantes quis nondum vomere multo  
Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,  
In diversa trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant  
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite fulcos :

## NOTE.

Ver. 173, *Gentilisque animos subiit furor*, seems to me a better reading than *gentilesque*.

Such

Such was the discord of the royal pair, 190  
 Whom fury drove precipitate to war.  
 In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,  
 To govern Thebes by their alternate sway :  
 Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state,  
 That mourns in exile his unequal fate, 195  
 And the short monarch of a hasty year  
 Foresees with anguish his returning heir.  
 Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,  
 But scarce sublisht to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd, 200  
 No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd ;  
 No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,  
 No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd ;  
 No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait  
 Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate ; 205  
 No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,  
 Nor silver vases took the forming mold ;  
 Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,  
 Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—

Haud secus indomitos præceps discordia fratres 190

Asperat. alterni placuit sub legibus anni

Exilio mutare ducem. sic jure maligno

Fortunam transire jubent, ut scepta tenentem

Fœdere præcipiti semper novus angeret heres. 195

Hæc inter fratres pietas erat : hæc mora pugnae

Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.

Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo, 200

Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant

Atria, congestos satis explicitura clientes.

Non impacatis regum advigilantia somnis

Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes

Excubia, nec cura mero committere gemmas,

Atque aurum violare cibis. sed nuda potestas

Armagit fratres : pugna est de paupere regno.

Dumque ute angustæ squallentia jugera Dirces

Verteret, aut Tyrii folio non altus ovaret

Exulis, ambigitur ; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,

Say,

Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage! 210  
 Say, to what end your impious arms engage?  
 Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,  
 Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,  
 When the south glows with his meridian ray,  
 And the cold north receives a fainter day; 215  
 For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,  
 Were all those realms the guilty visitor's prize!

But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)  
 Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:  
 What joys, oh tyrant! fwell'd thy soul that day, 220  
 When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,  
 Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,  
 And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,  
 Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent; 225  
 Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,  
 And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;  
 New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,  
 And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.

Et vitæ, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras, 210  
 Ah miseri? quid si peteretur criminis tanto  
 Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eōo  
 Cardine, quem portæ vergens prospectat Ibera?  
 Quasque procul terras obliquo fidere tangit  
 Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes 215  
 Igne Noti? quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæve sub unum  
 Convectentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandæ  
 Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est  
 Oedipodæ fedisse loco. Jam sorte carebat  
 Dilatus Polynicis honos. quis tum tibi, sæve, 220  
 Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum solus in aula  
 Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,  
 Et nusquam par stare caput? Jam murmurâ serpunt  
 Plebis Echioniæ, tacitumque a principe vulgus 226  
 Dissident, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur,  
 Atque aliquis, cui mens humili læsisse veneno  
 Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti

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And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230  
 Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,  
 (Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite,  
 With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight),  
 Exclaim'd—O Thebes ! for thee what fates remain,  
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign? 235  
 Must we, alas ! our doubtful necks prepare,  
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear, }  
 And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear? }  
 These now controul a wretched people's fate,  
 These can divide, and these reverse the state: 240  
 Ev'n Fortune rules no more :—O servile land,  
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command !  
 Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove !  
 Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?  
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate, 245  
 From the first birth of our unhappy state ;  
 When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,  
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,  
 And fated in Bœotian fields to found  
 A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250  
 First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,  
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain ?  
 What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears !  
 How all the tyrant in his face appears !

---

Ferre duces : Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aspera rebus  
 Fata tulere vicem ? toties mutare timendos, 236  
 Alternoque jugo dubitantia subdere colla !  
 Partiti versant populorum fata, manuque  
 Fortunam fecere levem. semperne vicissim  
 Exulibus servire dabor ? tibi, summe deorum,  
 Terrarumque sator, sociis hanc addere mentem 245  
 Sedit ? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,  
 Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci  
 Pondera, Carpathio jussus sale querere Cadmus  
 Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros : 250  
 Fraternasque acies foetæ telluris hiatu,  
 Augurium, seros dimisit adusque nepotes ?  
 Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur  
 Sævior assurgens dempto consorte poteras ?

What

What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow ! 255  
 Gods ! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow !  
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign,  
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again ?  
 Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd ?  
 Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd ? 260  
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne ?  
 What wonder then ? he was not then alone ;  
 O wretched we, a vile, submissive train,  
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign !

As when two winds with rival force contend, 265  
 This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,  
 While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,  
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw :  
 Thus on each side, alas ! our tott'ring state  
 Feels all the fury of resistless Fate, 270  
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,  
 While that prince threatens, and while this com-  
 And now th'almighty Father of the gods [mands.  
 Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes.  
 Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275  
 High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,  
 Whence, far below, the gods at once survey  
 The realms of rising and declining day,  
 And all th'extended space of earth, and air, and sea. }

---

Quas gerit ore minas ? quanto premit omnia fastu ?  
 Hicne unquam privatus erit ? tamen ille precanti  
 Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior æqui. 260  
 Quid mirum ? non solus erat, nos vilis in omnes  
 Prompta manus casus domino cuicunque parati.  
 Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus 265  
 Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ.  
 Heu dubio suspensa metu, tolerandaque nullis  
 Aspera fors populis ! hic imperat : ille minatur. 270  
 At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria cœli  
 Lectus concilio divum convenerat ordo  
 Interiore polo. spatiis hinc omnia juxta,  
 Primæque occiduæque domus, effusa sub omni

Full in the midst, and on a starry throne, 280  
 The Majesty of heav'n superior shone ;  
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,  
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.  
 At Jove's assent, the deities around  
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd. 285  
 Next a long order of inferior pow'rs  
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs ;  
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow ;  
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow :  
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,  
 And sacred Silence reigns, and universal Peace. 291  
 A shining synod of majestic gods  
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes ;  
 Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,  
 And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295  
 The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,  
 The still Creation listen'd while he spoke,  
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,  
 And each irrevocable word is Fate.

Terra atque unda die, mediis se se arduus infert 280  
 Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,  
 Stellantique locat folio. nec protinus ausi  
 Cœlicole, veniam donec Pater ipse sedendi  
 Tranquilla jubet esse manu. mox turba vagorum 285  
 Semideum, et summis cognati nubibus amnes,  
 Et compressa meta servantes murmura venti,  
 Aurea tecta replent ; mixta convexa deorum  
 Majestate tremunt : radiant maiore sereno  
 Culmina, et arcane florentes lumine postes. 295  
 Postquam iussa quies, filuitque exterritus orbis,  
 Incipit ex alto : (grave et immutabile sanctis  
 Pondus adeat verbis, et vocem fata sequuntur)  
 Terrarum delicta, nec exsuperabile diris

## NOTES.

Ver. 281.] *Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu*, is the common reading ; I believe it should be *mutu*, with reference to the word *quatiens*.

How

How long shall man the wrath of Heav'n defy,  
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky ! 301  
Oh race confederate into crimes, that prove  
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove !  
This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,  
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain : 305  
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires,  
Th' Æolian force exhausted of its fires.  
For this, I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,  
And the Mad Ruler to misguide the day.  
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd, 310  
And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.  
For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign  
Réleas'd th' impetuous fluices of the main :  
But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain. 315  
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend ;  
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.  
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,  
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.  
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,  
And the long series of succeeding wo ? 320  
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,  
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight :

---

Ingenium mortale queror. quonam usque nocentum  
Exigar in pœnas ? tædet fævire corusco 301  
Fulmine ; jampridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt  
Brachia, et Æoliis desunt incudibus ignes.  
Atquæ ideo tuleram falso rectore solutos  
Solis equos, cœlumque rotis errantibus uri,  
Et Phætontea mundum squallere favilla. 310  
Nil actum est : neque tu valida quod cuspide late  
Irè per illcitum pelago, germane, dedisti.  
Nunc geminas punire domos, quis sanguinis autor 315  
Ipse ego, descendo. Perseos alter in Argos  
Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.  
Mens cunctis impoſta manet. Quis funera Cadmi 320  
Nesciat ? et toties excitam a sedibus imis

Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood ;  
 The savage hunter and the haunted wood ?  
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim, 325  
 And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name ?  
 Ere I recount the sins of these profane,  
 The sun would sink into the western main,  
 And rising gild the radiant east again. }  
 Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed) 330  
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,  
 Thro' violated Nature force his way,  
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay ?  
 Yet now in darknes, and despair he groans,  
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones ; 335  
 His sons with scorn their eyelefs father view,  
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.  
 Thy curse, oh Oedipus, just Heav'n alarms,  
 And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.  
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340  
 And give the nations to the waste of war.  
 Adraustus soon, with gods averse, shall join  
 In dire alliance with the Theban line ;

Eumenidum bellâsse aciem ? mala gaudia matrum,  
 Erroresque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum  
 Crimina ! vix lucis spatio, vix noctis abactæ 325  
 Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.  
 Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius heres  
 Patris, et immeritæ gremium incestare parentis 330  
 Apetiit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.  
 Ille tamen Superis æterna piactila solvit,  
 Projectque diem : nec jam amplius æthere nostro  
 Vescitur : at nati (facinus sine more !) cadentes 335  
 Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tulisti,  
 Dire senex ; meruere tuæ, meruere tenebræ  
 Ultorem sperare Jovem. nova fontibus arma  
 Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam  
 Exitiale genus. belli mihi semina sunt  
 Adraustus sacer, et superis adjuncta sinistris

Hence

Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed ;  
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed ; 345  
 Fix'd is their doom ; this all-rememb'ring breast  
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.

He said ; and thus the Queen of Heav'n return'd :  
 (With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd) ;  
 Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend, 350  
 Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend ?  
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,  
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame ;  
 Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,  
 And there deluded Argus slept, and bled ; 355  
 Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,  
 When Jove descended in almighty gold.  
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,  
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes ;  
 But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms 360  
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,  
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,  
 And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed ;  
 Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove—  
 Ah why should Argos feel the rage of Jove ? 365

---

Connubia. Hanc etiam pœnis incessere gentem  
 Decretum : neque enim arcane de pectore fallax 345  
 Tantalus, et sœvæ periit injuria mensæ.

Sic pater omnipotens. Ait illi saucia dictis,  
 Flammatu versans inopinum corde dolorem,  
 Talia Juno refert : Mene, ò justissime divum,  
 Me bello certare jubes? scis semper ut arces 350  
 Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama  
 Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem; licet improbus illic  
 Custodem Phariæ, somno letoque juvencæ  
 Extinguas, septis et turribus aureus intres.  
 Mentitis ignosco toris : illam odimus urbem,  
 Quam vultu confessus adis; ubi conscia magni 360  
 Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.  
 Facta luant Thebæ : cur hostes eligis Argos ? 365  
 Yet

Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen controul,  
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,  
 Go, raze my Samos, let Mycene fall,  
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall ;  
 No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke, 370  
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,  
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke ?  
 But to your Isis all my rites transfer,  
 Let altars blaze, and temples smoke for her ;  
 For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd, 375  
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.  
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,  
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,  
 And from the long records of distant age  
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage ; 380  
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd  
 To date his vengeance ; to what bounds confin'd ?  
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides  
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides  
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river-glides. 385  
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,  
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name ;  
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood  
 Of fierce Oenomias, defil'd with blood ;

---

Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,  
 Et Samon, et veteres armis excinde Mycenæ ;  
 Verte solo Sparten. eur usquam sanguine festo 370  
 Conjugis ara tue, cumulo eur thuris Eoi  
 Læta calet ? melius votis Mareotica sumat  
 Coptos, et seriloni lugentia flumina Nili.  
 Quod si prisca luunt autorum crimina gentes,  
 Subvenitque tuis sera hæc sententia curis ; 380  
 Percensere ævi senium, quo tempore tandem  
 Terrarum furias abolere, et secula retro  
 Emendare sat est ? jmidudum a sedibus illis  
 Incipe, fluctivaga qua præterlabitur unda  
 Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores. 385  
 Areades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis

Where

Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,  
And human bones yet whiten all the ground. 391

Say, can those honours please; and canst thou love  
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove!

And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share  
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care? 395.

Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree;  
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;  
On impious realms and barb'rous kings impose  
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.

Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen ex-  
press'd 400

The rage and grief contending in her breast;  
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,  
And from his throne return'd this stern reply.  
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear  
The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare 405  
Against a nation thy peculiar care.  
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,  
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;

Imposuere locis: illic Mayortius axis.

Oenomai, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Aemo 390

Dignius: abruptis, etiamnum inhumata procorum

Relliquis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi

Gratus honos, placet ida nocens, meatitaque manes

Crete tuos, me Tantaleis confistere tectis,

Quæ tandem invidia est? belli defleste tumultus, 395

Et generis miseresce tui, sunt impia late-

Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.

Finierat miseros precibus convicia Juno. 400.

At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aspera, motus,

Reddidit hæc: Evidem haud rebar te mente secunda.

Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet æquus) in Argos

Consulerem, neque me (detur si copia) fallit 405

Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionem.

NOTES.

Ver. 399. *with such sons as these.* Eteocles and Polynices.

Yet

Yet these in silence see the Fates fulfil  
 Their work, and rev'rence our superior will. 410  
 For by the black infernal Styx I swear,  
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)  
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;  
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.  
 Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air; 415  
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;  
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,  
 And give up Laius to the realms of day,  
 Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,  
 Expects its passage to the further strand: 420  
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear  
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;  
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride  
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,  
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain 425  
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign.  
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:  
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.  
 The god obeys, and to his feet applies  
 Those golden wings that cut the yieling skies. 430

---

Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat.  
 Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia æquora fratri  
 Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,  
 Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales 415  
 Portantes præcede Notos Cyllenia proles:  
 Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis.  
 Dic patruo, Superas senior se tollat ad auras  
 Laius, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum  
 Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi 420  
 Lege Erebi ferat hæc diro mea jussa nepoti:  
 Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem  
 Hospitiis, quod sponte cupid, procul impius aula  
 Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:  
 Hinc causæ irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.  
 Paret Atlantiades dictis gemitoris, et inde  
 Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis, 430  
 His

His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,  
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.  
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
Or, in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye ;  
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts, 435  
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.  
Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of May  
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way ;  
Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,  
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height ; 440  
Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,  
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Mean time the banish'd Polynices roves  
(His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,  
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,  
His daily vision and his dream by night ; 446  
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,  
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,  
With transport views the airy rule his own,  
And swells on an imaginary throne. 450  
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,  
And live out all in one triumphant day.  
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,  
And bids the year with swifter motion run.

---

Obnubitque comas, et temperat astra galero.  
Tum dextræ virgam inferuit, qua pellere dulces  
Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire 435  
Tartara, et exangues animare assueverat umbras.  
Desiluit ; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.  
Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus 440  
Carpit, et ingenti designat nubila gyro.

Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris  
Oedipodionides furto deserto pererrat  
Aoniæ. jam jamque animis male debita regna 445  
Concipit, et longum signis cunctantibus annum  
Stare gemit. tenet una dies noctesque recursans  
Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno  
Germanum, et semet Thebis, opibusque potitum  
Cerneret, hac ævum cupiat pro luce pacisci. 451

With

With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,  
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

455

The hero then resolves his course to bend  
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,  
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend,  
(Where late the son did Atreus' crimes detest,  
And disappear'd in horrour of the feast).  
And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,  
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,  
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,  
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.  
Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,  
And thence declining gently to the main.  
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realms repairs,  
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs:  
The hanging cliffs of Syren's rock explores,  
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores:  
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,  
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,  
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light,

475

Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugæ dispendia: sed mox  
Attollit flatus ducis, et sedisse superbum  
Dejecto se fratre putat. spes anxia mentem  
Extrahit, et longo consumit guadia voto.  
Tunc sedet Inachias urbes, Danaeaque arva,  
Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenæ,  
Ferre iter impavidum. seu prævia ducit Erinnys,  
Seu fors illa viæ, sive hac inimota vocabat  
Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra  
Deserit, et pingues Baccheo sanguine colles. 465  
Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithæron  
Porrigitur. laetumque inclinat ad æquora montem,  
Præterit, hinc arcte scopuloſo in limite pendens,  
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæaque rura  
Purpurco regnata seni, miteaque Corinthon  
Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littera campis.

Wide

Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew,  
 Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew ;  
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd ; Sleep steals away  
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,  
 And brings, descending thro' the silent air, 480  
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.  
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,  
 Promise the skies the bright return of day ;  
 No faint reflections of the distant light  
 Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night ;  
 From the damp earth impervious vapours rise, 486  
 Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.  
 At once the rushing winds with roaring sound  
 Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,  
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490  
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky :  
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds  
 The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,  
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,  
 Which the cold North congeals to haily show'rs. 495

---

Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phœbi 475  
 Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti  
 Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.  
 Jam pecudes volucresque tacent ; jam Somnus avaris  
 Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat, 480  
 Grata laboratæ referens oblivia vitæ.  
 Sed nec puniceo redditurum nubila cœlo  
 Promifere jubar, nec rarcſcentibus umbris  
 Longa repercuſſio nituere crepuscula Phœbœ.  
 Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammæ 486  
 Subtexit nox atra polos. jam clauſtra rigentis  
 Æoliæ percussa fonant, venturaque rauco  
 Ore minatur hiems, venti transversa frementes  
 Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt, 490  
 Dum cœlum ſibi quisque rapit. fed plurimus Auster.  
 Inglobemat noctem, et tenebroſa volumina torquet,  
 Defunditque imbræ, ſiccō quos asper hiatu  
 Persolidat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiſcunt 495

From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,  
And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.  
Now smokes with show'rs the misty mountain-ground,  
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.  
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run, 500  
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on :  
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,  
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds :  
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,  
Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away :  
Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn, 506  
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne :  
The storm the dark Lycean groves display'd,  
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.  
Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510  
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,  
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,  
The floods descending, and the wat'ry war ;  
That, driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,  
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main. 515  
Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,  
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread ;

---

Fulgura, et attritus subita face rumpitur æther.  
Jam Nemea, jam Tænareis contermina lucis  
Arcadiæ capita alta madent : ruit agmine facto 500  
Inachus, et gelidas surgens Erasinus ad Arctos.  
Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullæ  
Aggeribus tenuere moræ, stagnoque refusa est  
Funditus, et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.  
Frangitur omne nemus ; rapiunt antiqua procellæ  
Brachia sylvarum, nullisque aspecta per ævum 506  
Solibus umbrosi patuere æstiva Lyæi.  
Ile tamen modo faxa jugis fugientia ruptis  
Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes  
Aure pavens, passimque infano turbine raptas  
Pastorum pecorumque démos. non festius amens,

His

His brother's image to his mind appears,  
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with  
fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main, 520  
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,  
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,  
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps ;  
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,  
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distres'd, 526  
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd ;  
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way  
Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey ;  
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height 530  
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light :  
Thither with haste the Theban Hero flies ;  
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,  
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise :  
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay, 535  
And to the regal palace bent his way ;

Incertusque viæ, per nigra silentia, vastum 516  
Haurit iter : pulsat metus undique, et undique frater.

Ac velut hiberno deprensus navita ponto, 520  
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico fidere monstrat  
Luna vias, medio cœli pelagique tumultu  
Stat rationis inops : jam jamque aut saxa malignis  
Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto  
Spumantes scopulos erectæ incurrere proræ :  
Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeius heros  
Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum  
Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit  
Pectore : dat stimulos animo vis mœsta timoris.  
Donec ab Inachiis vieta caligine tectis 530  
Emicuit lucem devexa in mœnia fundens  
Larissæus apex. illo spe concitus omni  
Evolat. hinc celſæ Junonia templa Prosymnæ  
Lævus habet, hinc Herculeo signata vapore  
Lernæi stagna atra vadis, tandemque reclusis  
Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit 535

On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,  
And waits till pleasing flumbers seal his eyes.

Adraustus here his happy people fways,  
Bles'd with calm peace in his declining days. 540

By both his parents of descent divine,

Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line :

Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,

But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne..

To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate !

545

But who can pierce into the depths of Fate ?)

Had sung — “ Expet thy sons on Argos' shore,

“ A yellow lion and a bristly boar.”

This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,

Sat heavy on his heart, and broke his rest ;

550

This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,

Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.

The father's care and prophet's art were vain,

For thus did the predicting God ordain,

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand

555

Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,

And, seiz'd with horrour in the shades of night,

Thro' the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight :

Vestibula. hic artus imbrι ventoque regentes  
Projicit, ignotæque acclinis postibus aulae  
Invitat tenues ad dura cibila somnos.

Rex ibi tranquillæ medio de limite vitæ

In senium vergens populos Adraustus habebat, 540

Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.

Hic sexūs melioris inops, sed prole virebat

Fœmirea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.

Cui Phœbus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu ! 545

Mox adaperta fides) ævo ducente canebat

Setigerumque suem, et fulvum adventare leonem.

Hæc volvens, non, tu ipse pater, non, docte futuri

Amphiaraë, vides ; etenim vetat autor Apollo. 552

Tantum in corde sedens ægrefcit cura parentis.

Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens

Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum

556

Conscius horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora

Now

Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,  
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement Heav'n, 560  
Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps he treads,  
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort  
T' Adraustus' realms, and hospitable court ;  
The King surveys his guests with curious eyes, 565  
And views their arms and habit with surprize.  
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,  
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs ;  
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,  
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils. 570  
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,  
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread :  
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,  
Alive, the pride and terrour of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,  
The King th' accomplish'd Oracle surveys, 576  
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns  
The guiding godhead, and his future sons.  
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,  
And a glad horrour shoots thro' ev'ry vein. 580

---

Lustra terit, similesque Notos deuestus et imbres,  
Infusam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis  
Ora, comasque gerens, subit uno tegmine, cujus  
Fusus humo gelida, partem prior hospes habebat. —

Hic primum lustrare oculis, cultusque virorum  
Telaque magna vacat ; tergo videt hujus inanem  
Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,  
Illus in speciem, quem per Theumesia Tempe  
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis 570  
Ante Cleonæ vestitur prælia monstri.  
Terribiles contra fetis, ac dente recurvo  
Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant  
Exuviæ, Calydonis honos. stupet omne tanto 575  
Defixus senior, divina oracula Phœbi  
Agnoscens, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.  
Obtutu gelida ora premit, lætusque per artus  
Horror uit. sensit manifesto numine ductos

To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,  
And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.

Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign  
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train :  
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay, 585 }  
Till nature quicken'd by th' inspiring ray }  
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day : }  
Oh thou who freest me from my doubtful state,  
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate !  
Be present still, oh Goddess ! in our aid ; 590  
Proceed and firm those omens thou hast made.  
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,  
And on thy altars sacrifices lay ;  
The fable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,  
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke. 595  
Hail, faithful Tripos ! hail, ye dark abodes  
Of awful Phœbus : I confess the gods !

Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd ;  
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd ;

Affore, quos nexit ambagibus augur Apollo  
Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,  
Ediderat, tunc sic tendens ad fidera palmas :  
Nox, quæ terrarum coelique amplexa labores  
Ignea multivago transfinittis fidera lapsu, 585  
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus ægris  
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,  
Tu mihi perplexis quæfitam erroribus ullo  
Advehis alma fidem, veterisque exordia fati  
Detegis, affitas operi, tuaque omina firmes ! 590  
Semper honoratam dimensis orbibus anni  
Te domus ista colet : nigri tibi, Diva, litabunt  
Elesta cervice greges, lustraliaque exta  
Lacte novo perfusus edet Vulcanius ignis. 595  
Salve, prisca fides tripodum, obscurique recessus ;  
Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. sic fatus ; et ambos  
Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulæ

Where

Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise, 600  
 And dust yet white upon each altar lies,  
 The relics of a former sacrifice. }  
 The king once more the solemn rites requires,  
 And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.  
 His train obey, while all the courts around 605  
 With noisy care and various tumult sound.  
 Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds ;  
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads ;  
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,  
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light ; 610  
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,  
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.  
 Sublime in regal state Adraustus shone,  
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne ;  
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest ; 615  
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,  
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,

Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes, 600  
 Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri  
 Servabant ; adolere focos, epulasque recentes  
 Instaurare jubet. dictis parere ministri 605  
 Certatim accelerant. vario strepit icta tumultu  
 Regia : pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes  
 Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas ;  
 Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas :  
 Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem 610  
 Aggressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.  
 His labor inserto torrere exanguia ferro  
 Viscera cætarum pecudum : his, cumulare canistris  
 Perdomitam faxo Cererem. lætatur Adraustus  
 Obsequio fervore domum. jamque ipse superbis  
 Fulgebat stratis, solioque effultus eburno.  
 Parte alia juvenes siccati vulnera lymphis 615  
 Discumbunt : simul ora notis fœdata tūentur,  
 Inque vicem ignoscunt. tunc rex longævus Acesten  
 (Naturam hæc altrix, eadem et fidissima custos 620  
 Who

Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,  
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd. 620  
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,  
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.  
 When from the close apartments of the night,  
 The royal nymphs approach divinely bright ;  
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face ; 625  
 Nor shine their beauties with superiour grace,  
 But that in these a milder charm endears,  
 And less of terrore in their looks appears.  
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,  
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise, 630  
 Their downcast looks a decent shame confess,  
 Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign  
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,  
 Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old, 635  
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.  
 Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,  
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,  
 And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.

Lecta sacrum justæ Veneri occultare pudorem)  
 Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.  
 Nec mora præceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo  
 Arcano egressæ thalamo (mirabile visu)  
 Pallados armisonæ, pharetratæque ora Dianæ: 625  
 Æqua ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori  
 Vifa virûm-facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque  
 Purpureas hausere genas: oculique verentes  
 Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensæ  
 Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem  
 Iäfides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,  
 Qua Danaüs libare deis seniorque Phoroneus 635  
 Affueti. tenet hæc operum cælata figuræ:  
 Aureus anguicomam præfecto Gorgona collo  
 Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in auras  
 Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora  
 Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallescit in auro.

There

There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,  
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars : 641  
Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,  
His native mountains lessen to his sight ;  
While all his sad companions upward gaze,  
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze ; 645  
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,  
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,  
The first libations sprinkled on the ground,  
By turns on each celestial pow'r they call ; 650  
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.  
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,  
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands drest,  
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,  
Salute the God innum'rous hymns of praise. 655

Then thus the King : Perhaps, my noble guests,  
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts  
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,  
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.  
Great was the cause ; our old solemnities 660  
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise ;  
But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay  
These grateful honours to the God of Day.

Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis : 640  
Gargara desidunt furgenti, et Troja recedit.  
Stant mœsti comites, frustraque sonantia laxant  
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.

Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos  
Cœlicolas : Phœbum ante alios, Phœbum omnis ad  
aras

Laude ciet comitum, famulūmque, evincta pudica  
Fronde, manus : cui festa dies, largoque refecti  
Thure vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes. 655  
Forsitan, ô juvenes, quæ sunt ea sacra, quibusque  
Præcipuum causis Phœbi obtestemur honorem,  
Rex ait, exquirunt animi, non inscia fua sit  
Rellgio : magnis exercita cladibus olim 660  
Plebs Argiva litant : animos advertite, pandam :

When

When by a thousand darts the Python slain  
 With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain, 665  
 (Transfix'd as o'er Caftalia's streams he hung,  
 And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)  
 To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,  
 And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.  
 This rural prince one only daughter blefs'd, 670  
 That all the charms of blooming youth posseſſ'd ;  
 Fair was her face, and spotleſſ was her mind,  
 Where filial love with virgin sweetneſſ join'd.  
 Happy ! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,  
 Were the leſſ beautiful, or leſſ belov'd ! 675  
 But Phœbus lov'd, and, on the flow'ry ſide  
 Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd.  
 Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,  
 Th' illuſtricus offspring of the God was born.  
 The nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680  
 Retires from Argos to the ſylvan shade ;

---

Postquam cœrulei ſinuosa volumina monſtri,  
 Terrigenam Pythona, deus ſeptem orbibus atris  
 Amplexum Delphos, ſquamisque annosa terentem  
 Robora ; Caftaliis dum fontibus ore trifulco 666  
 Fufus hiat, nigro ſitiens alimenta veneno,  
 Perculit, abſumptis numeroſa in vulnера telis,  
 Cyrrhæique dedit centum per jugera campi  
 Vix tandem explicitum ; nova deinde piacula cædi  
 Perquirens, noſtri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi  
 Attigit. huic primis, et pubescentibus annis, 670  
 Miro decore pio, ſervabat nata penates  
 Intemerata toris. felix, ſi Delia nunquam  
 Furta, nec occultum Phœbo ſociatſet amorem.  
 Namque ut paſſa deum Nemeæ ad fluminis undam,  
 Bis quinos plena cum fronte reſumerebant orbes  
 Cynthia, fidereum Latonæ ſœta nepotem  
 Edidit : ac poenæ mctuens (neque enim ille coactis  
 Donaſſet thalamis veniam pater) avia rura 681  
 To.

To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,  
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child ! is thine ?  
Ah how unworthy those of race divine ? 685

On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,  
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,  
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,  
While the rude swain his rural music tries  
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes. 690 }

Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,  
Was more, alas ! than cruel fate would give ;  
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,  
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,  
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore, 695  
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.  
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,  
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame ;  
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,  
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair ;  
Then, wild with anguish, to her fire she flies : 701  
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

Eligit: ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim  
Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.

Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti 685  
Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno  
Texta domus: clausa arbutei sub cortice libri  
Membra tepent, suadetque leve cava fistula somnos,  
Et pecori commune solum. sed fata nec illum 691  
Concessere larem: viridi nam cespite terræ  
Projectum temere, et patido cœlum ore trahentem,  
Dira canum rabies morsu depasta cruento 695  
Disjicit. Hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures  
Matris adit, pulsi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,  
Et metus: ipsa ultro saevis plangoribus amens  
Texta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus 700  
Occurrit confusa patri. nec motus, at atro  
Imperat, nefandum! cupientem occumbere leto.

But

But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late,  
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.  
He sends a monster, horrible and fell, 705  
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.

The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears ; }  
High on her crown a rising snake appears, }  
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs : }  
About the realm she walks her dreadful round, 710  
When Night with sable wings o'er spreads the ground ;  
Devours young babes before their parents eyes,  
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But gen'rous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,  
Chorœbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms. 715  
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,  
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.  
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,  
The direful monster from afar descry'd ; }  
Two bleeding babes depending at her side ; 720 }  
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,  
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.

---

Sero memor thalami, mœstæ solatia morti,  
Phœbe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo  
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis, cui virginis ora,  
Pectoraque, æternum stridens a vertice surgit,  
Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis :  
Hæc tam dira lues nocturno squallida passu 710  
Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes  
Abripere altricum gremiis, morsuque cruento  
Devesci, et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.

Haud tulit armorum præstans animique Chorœ-  
bus ; 715  
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi  
Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,  
Obtulit. illa novas ibat populata penates  
Portarum in bivio. lateri duo corpora parvum 720  
Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus hæret,  
Ferræque unguis tenero sub corde tepeſcunt.

The

The youths surround her with extended spears;  
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,  
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword, 725  
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.

Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,  
Her twisting volumes and her rolling eyes,  
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd  
With livid poison, and our childrens blood. 730

The croud in stupid' wonder fix'd appear,  
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.

Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,  
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.

The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste, 735  
With hollow stretches fled the dire repast;  
And rav'rous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,  
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow  
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow, 740  
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:

---

Obvius huic latus omne virûm stipante coronâ,  
It juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore diro 725  
Condidit; atque imas animæ mucrone cornis  
Scrutatus latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo  
Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et visere juxta  
Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam  
Proluviem, et crastio squalentia pectora tabo.  
Qua noctræ cecidere animæ, flupet Inacha pûbes,  
Magnaque post lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.  
Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,  
Proterere exanimis artus, asprosque molares  
Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere potestas.  
Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes 735  
Impastæ fugiſtis aves, rabidamque canum vim,  
Oraque ſicca ferunt trepidorum inhiâſſe luporum.

Sævior in miseros fatis ultricis ademptæ  
Delius infurgit, summaque biverticis umbra  
Parnassi refidens, arcu crudelis iniquo 740

A night of sultry clouds involv'd around  
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground :  
And now a thousand lives together fled ;  
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread, 745 }  
And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,  
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year ;  
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,  
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell. 750

Bles'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame  
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,  
Undaunted hero ! who, divinely brave,  
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save ;  
But view'd the shrine with a superior look, 755  
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke :

With piety, the soul's securest guard,  
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,  
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear ;  
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here. 760

Pestifera arma jacit, camposque, et celsa Cyclopum  
Tecta superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.  
Labuntur dulces animæ : Mors fila fororum  
Ense metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.

Quærenti quæ causa duci, quis ab æthere lœvus  
Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum,  
Idem autor Pæan rursum jubet ire cruento  
Inferias monstro juvenes, qui cæde potiti. 750

Fortunate animi, longumque in facula digne  
Præmeriture diem ! non tu pia degener arma  
Oculis, aut certæ trepidas occurrere merti.  
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhæi in limine templi 755  
Constitit, et facras ita vocibus asperat iras :

Non missus, Thymbræe, tuos supplexve penates  
Advenio : mea me pietas, et conscia virtus  
Has egere vias. ego sum qui cæde subegi,  
Plœbe, tuum mortale nefas ; quem nubibus atris  
Et squalente die, nigra quem tabe finistri 761  
Thy

Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,  
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown:  
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,  
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy fullen rays ;  
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care, 765  
Such numbers fell by pestilential air !  
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind  
From gods above no more compassion find ;  
If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,  
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel 770 }  
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel ?  
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,  
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all ;  
Unless our desert cities please thy fight,  
Our fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light. 775  
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,  
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send ;  
But for my country let my fate atone,  
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd, impartial Heav'n relieves : 780-  
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives ;

Quæris, inique poli. quod si monstra effera magnis  
Cara adeo Superis, jaæturaque vilior orbis, 766  
Mors hominum, et saevo tanto inclemensia cælo est ;  
Quid meruere Argi ? me, me, divum optime, solum  
Objecisse caput satis præstabit. an illud 771  
Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum  
Teæta vides ? ignique datis cultoribus omnis  
Lucet ager ? sed quid fando tua tela manusque  
Deinoror ? expestant matres, supremaque fundant 775  
Vota mihi, satis est : merui, ne parcere velles.  
Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonores,  
Insignemque animam leto demitte : sed illum  
Pallidus Inachiis qui desuper imminet Argis,  
Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors æqua inerentes  
Respicit, ardenter, tenuit reverentia cædis 780  
Latoden, tristemque viro submisus honorem

For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,  
With such amazing virtue durst engage.

The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,  
And from the wond'ring God th'unwilling youth re-  
tir'd.

785  
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,  
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;  
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:  
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest, (adjoin'd the King), 790  
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?  
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known  
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.  
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night  
And silent hours to various talk invite.

795  
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,  
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:  
Before these altars how shall I proclaim  
(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation, or my name,  
Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd? 800  
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!

---

Largitur vitæ. nostro mala nubila cœlo  
Diffugiunt. at tu stupefacti a limine Phœbi  
Exoratus abis. inde hæc stata sacra quotannis  
Solemnes recolunt epulæ. Phœbeiaque placat  
Templa novatus honos: has forte invisitis aras.  
Vos quæ progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus  
Et Parthiaoniæ (dudum si certus ad aures 791  
Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs; tu pande quis Argos  
Advenias? quando hæc variis sermonibus hora est.

Dejecit mœlos extemplo Ismenius heros  
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea lœsum  
Obliquare oculos. tum iænga silentia movit;  
Non super hos divum tibi sum quærendus honores  
Unde genus, quæ terra mihi: quis defluat ordo  
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri. 802  
Sed si præcipitant miserum cognoscere curæ,

Yet

Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown.  
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own ;  
 Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,  
 Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place. 805  
 To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast  
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)  
 Replies :—Ah why forbears the son to name  
 His wretched father known too well by fame ?  
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray, 810  
 Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.  
 Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,  
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole ;  
 And those who tread the burning Lybian lands,  
 The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands ; 815  
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,  
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds ;  
 All these the woes of Oedipus have known,  
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.  
 If on the sons the parents crimes descend, 820  
 What prince from those his lineage can defend ?  
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface  
 With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,  
 And be thyself the honour of thy race. }

---

Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebæ,  
 Et genitrix Jocasta mihi. Tum motus Adrastant 805  
 Hospiitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis ?  
 Scimus, ait ; nec sic aversum fama Mycenis 810  
 Volvit iter, regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes  
 Novit, et Arctois si quis de solibus horre ;  
 Quique bibit Gangen, aut nigrum occasibus intrat  
 Oceanum, et si quos incerto littore Syrtes 815  
 Destituant : ne perge queri, casusque priorum  
 Annnumerare tibi. nostro quoque sanguine multum  
 Erravit pietas, nec culpa nepotibus obstat. 820  
 Tu modo dissimilis rebus mereare secundis  
 Excusare tuos. sed jam temone supino  
 Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor ursæ. 825

But see ! the stars begin to steal away, 825  
 And shine more faintly at approaching day ;  
 Now pour the wine ; and in your tuneful lays  
 Once more resound the great Apollo's praise,  
 Oh father Phœbus ! whether Lycia's coast,  
 And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast ;  
 Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair, 831  
 And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair ;  
 Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,  
 Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore ;  
 Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes, 835  
 The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring gods :  
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born ;  
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn :  
 Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,  
 And the dark counsels of almighty Jove, 840  
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,  
 The change of sceptres, and impending wo ;  
 When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air  
 Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.  
 Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire 845  
 'T excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre ;

---

Fundite vina foci, servatoremque parentum  
 Latoiden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.  
 Phœbe parens, seu te Lycœ Pataræa nivosis  
 Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico 830  
 Castaliæ flavos amor est tibi mergere crines ;  
 Seu Trojam Thymbraeus habes, ubi fama volentem  
 Ingratis Phrygios humeris subiisse molares :  
 Seu juvat Ægæum feriens Latonius umbrâ  
 Cynthus, et affiduam pelago non querere Delon :  
 Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes 836  
 Arcus, et ætherii dono cessere parentes  
 Aeternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas  
 Parcarum prænōsse manus, fatumque quod ultra est,  
 Et summo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus, 841  
 Bella quibus populis, mutent quæ sceptræ cometæ.  
 Tu Phryga submittis citharæ. tu matris honori 845  
 Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.

Thy

Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,  
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame ;  
Tity hand flew Python, and the dame who lost  
Her nun'rrous offspring for a fatal boast. 850  
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,  
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears ;  
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,  
The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O pow'r divine ! 855  
And on thy hospitable Argos shine,  
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,  
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore ;  
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain  
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain ; 860  
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,  
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows ;  
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,  
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem,  
Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megæra 850  
Jejunum Phlegyam subter cava saxa jacentem  
Æterno premit accubitu. dapibusque profanis  
Instimulat : sed mista famen fastidia vincunt.  
Adiis ò, memor hospiti, Junoniaque arva 855  
Dexter aimes ; seu te roseum Titana vocari  
Gentis Achæmeniæ ritu, seu præstat Osirin  
Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri  
Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.



THE



## T H E F A B L E   O F   D R Y O P E.

From the 9th book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

**S**HE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,  
When the fair consort of her son replies :  
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,  
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own ;  
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate  
A nearer wo, a sister's stranger fate.  
No nymph of all Oechalia could compare  
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,  
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,  
(Myself the offspring of a second bride). 10  
This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,  
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,

## D R Y O P E   I N   A R B O R E M.

**D**ixit: et, admonitu veteris commota ministræ,  
Ingemuit; quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem:  
Te tamen, ô genitrix, alienæ sanguine vestro  
Rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis  
Fata meæ referam? quanquam lacrymæque dolorque  
Impedient, prohibentque loqui, fuit unica matri  
(Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima formæ 10  
Oechalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,  
Vimque Dei passam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,

### N O T E S.

**D R Y O P E.]** Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole; who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing fable.

Andræmon

Andrämon lov'd ; and bless'd in all those charms  
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around, 15  
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.  
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,  
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought ;  
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest  
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 20  
Not distant far, a wat'ry lotos grows,  
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs  
Adorn'd with blossoms, prouis'd fruits that vie  
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye :  
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son, 25  
And I myself the same rash act had done :  
But lo ! I saw (as near her side I stood)  
The violated blossomis drop with blood ;  
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;  
The trembling tree with sudden horrour shooke. 30  
Lotis the Nymph (if rural tales be true).  
As from Priapus' lawles's lust she flew,  
Forsook her form ; and fixing here became  
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.

Excipit Andrämon ; et habetur conjug'e felix.

Est lacus, acclivi devexo margine formam.

15

Littoris efficiens : summum myrteta coronant.

Venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia ; quoque  
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.

Inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,  
Dulce ferebat onus ; tepidique ope lactis alebat. 20

Haud procul a stagno, Tyrios imitata colores,  
In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.

Carpferat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato 25

Porrigeret, flores : et idem factura videbar ;

Namque aderam. vidi guttae flore cruentas

Decidere ; et tremulo rai'nos horrore moveri.

30

Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,

Lotis in hanc Nymph'e, fugiens obscœna Priapi,

Contulerat yor'os, seryato nomine, vultus.

This

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight 35  
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:  
 And first the pardon of the Nymphs implor'd,  
 And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:  
 But when she backward would have fled, she found  
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground: 40  
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,  
 And as she struggles only moves above:  
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow  
 By quick degrees, and cover all below:  
 Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45  
 To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:  
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen  
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.  
 The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,  
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50  
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd  
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.  
 I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,  
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,  
 Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd, 55  
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

---

Nescierat foror hoc; quæ cum perterrita retro 35  
 Ire, et adoratis vellet discedere Nymphis,  
 Hæserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat: 40  
 Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet. succrescit ab imo,  
 Totaque paulatim latus premit inguina cortex.  
 Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,  
 Fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne te-  
 nebant. 45  
 At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi  
 Addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit  
 Ubra: nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor. 50  
 Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis; opemque  
 Non poteram tibi ferre, foror: quantumque valebam,  
 Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar: 55  
 Et (fateor) volui sub codem cortice condi.

Behold

Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy fire  
 Appear, and for their Dryope inquire ;  
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,  
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind, 60  
 Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,  
 And close embrace as to the roots they grew.  
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee,  
 No more a woman nor yet quite a tree ;  
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65  
 From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear,  
 And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,  
 Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains :

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,  
 I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n, 70  
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;  
 In mutual innocence our lives we led :  
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,  
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away, 75  
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey.  
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,  
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care :  
 And to his mother let him oft be led,  
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;

---

Ecce vir Andræmon, genitorque miserrimus, adsunt ;  
 Et quærunt Dryopen ; Dryopen quærentibus illis  
 Ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno, 60  
 Adfusique suæ radicibus arboris hærent.  
 Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas  
 Cara soror. lacrymæ verso de corpore factis  
 Irrorant foliis : ac, dum licet, oraque præstant 65  
 Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus :  
 Si qua fides miseris, hoc me per numina juro  
 Non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine pœnam. 70  
 Viximus innocue : si mentior, arida perdam,  
 Quas habeo, frondes ; et cæsa securibus urar.  
 Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,  
 Et date nutrici ; nostraque sub arbore fræpe  
 Lac factote bibat ; nostraque sub arbore ludat.

Teach

Teach him, when first his infant-voice shall frame 80  
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,  
 To hail this tree ; and fay, with weeping eyes,  
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies :  
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,  
 Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 85  
 Nor touch the fatal flow'rs ; but, warn'd by me,  
 Believe a goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.  
 My fire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell !  
 If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,  
 Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90  
 The browzing cattle or the piercing steel.  
 Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join  
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.  
 My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,  
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give. 95  
 I can no more ; the creeping rind invades  
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :  
 Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice  
 Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.  
 She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be; 100  
 And all the nymph was lost within the tree :  
 Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,  
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

---

Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facit ote salutet ; 80  
 Et tristis dicat, Latet hoc sub stipite mater.  
 Stagna tamen timeat ; nec carpat ab arbore flores :  
 Et frutices omnes corpus putet esse dearum.  
 Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque !  
 Quis si qua est pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis, 90  
 A pecoris mortuæ frondes defendite nostras.  
 Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est,  
 Erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite, 95  
 Dum tangi possunt, parvumque attollite natum.  
 Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis  
 Colla liber serpit ; summoque cacumine condor.  
 Ex oculis removete manus. sine munere vestro  
 Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.  
 Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse : diuque 100  
 Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

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## VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

From the 14th book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;  
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,  
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,  
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.  
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,  
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield; 5  
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,  
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.  
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,  
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year, 10  
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,  
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.  
Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,  
And yields an offspring more than Nature gives;  
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew, 15  
And feed their fibres wth reviving dew.  
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,  
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.

## VERTUMNUS ET POMONA.

REge sub hoc Pomona fuit: quae nulla Latinas  
Inter Hamadryadas coluit solertiis hortos,  
Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera foetus: 5  
Unde tenet nomen. non sylvas illa, nec amnes;  
Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.  
Nec jaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce: 10  
Qua modo luxuriem premit, et spatiantia paſſim  
Brachia compescit: ſiſia modo cortice virgam  
Inſerit; et ſuccos alieno præstat alumno,  
Nec patitur ſentire ſitum: bibulæque recurvas 15  
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis. [pido.  
Hic amor, hoc ſtudium: Veneris quoque nulla cu-

Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,  
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.

How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,  
Who haunt the forests and frequent the lawns,

The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,  
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,

Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,  
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair?

Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,  
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame,

To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears:

And first a raper from the field appears,

Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain  
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.

Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,

And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:

Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,

Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.

Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,

And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.

Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,

He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.

Vim tamen agrestum metuens, pomaria claudit

Intus; et accessus prohibit refugitque viriles.

Quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta juventus,

Fecere, et pinu præincti cornua Panes,

Sylvanusque suis semper juvenilior annis,

Quique deus fures vel falce vel inguine terret,

Ut poterentur ea? sed enim superabat amando

Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.

O quoties habitu duri messoris aristas

Corbe tulit; verique fuit messoris imago!

Tempora saepe gerens feno religata recenti,

Desectum poterat gramen versatissime videri

Sæpe manu stimulos rigida portabat; ut illum

Jurares fessos modo disjunxisse juvencos.

Falce data frondator erat, vitisque putator:

Induerat scalas, lecturum poma putares.

A soldier

A soldier now, he with his sword appears ;  
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears ;  
 Each shape he varies, and each heart he tries,  
 On her bright charms to feaſt his longing eyes.

A female form at laſt Vertumnus wears, 45 }  
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,  
 His temples thinly ſpread with ſilver hairs ; }  
 Propp'd on his ſtaff, and ſtooping as he goes,  
 A painted mitre ſhades his furrow'd brows.  
 The god in this decrepit form array'd, 50 }  
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit ſurvey'd ; }  
 And, " Happy you," he thus address'd the maid,  
 " Whose charms as far all other nymphs outſhine,  
 " As other gardens are excell'd by thine !"  
 Then kiſſ'd the fair; (his kiſſes warmer grow 55  
 Than ſuch as women on their ſex beſtow).  
 Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,  
 Behell the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.  
 An elm was near, to whose embraces led,  
 The curling vine her ſwelling cluſters ſpread : 60  
 He view'd her twining branches with delight,  
 And prais'd the beauty of the pleaſing fight.  
 Yet this tall elm, but for his vine, (he ſaid),  
 Had ſtood neglected, and a barren ſhade ;

---

Miles erat gladio, pifcator arundine ſumta.  
 Denique per multas aditum ſibi ſepe figuras  
 Reperit, ut caperet ſpectatæ gaudia formæ.  
 Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra, 45  
 Innitens baculo, poſitis ad tempora canis.  
 Adſimulavit anum : cultoſque intravit in hortos ;  
 Pomaque mirata eſt : Tantoque potentior, inquit.  
 Paucaque laudatæ dedit oſcula ; qualia nunquam  
 Vera dediſſet anus : glebaque incurva reſedit,  
 Stiſpiciens pandos autumni pondere ramos.  
 Ulmus erat contra, ſpacioſa tumentibus uvis : 60  
 Quam ſocia postquam pariter cum vite probavit ;  
 At ſi ſtaret, ait cœlebs, ſine palmitæ truncus,  
 Nil præter fondes, quare peteretur, haberet.

And this fair vine, but that her arms surround 65  
 Her marry'd el'n, had crept along the ground.  
 Ah ! beauteous maid, let this example move  
 Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.  
 Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue !  
 What nymph could e'er attract such crouds as you ?  
 Not the whole beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms, 71  
 Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.  
 Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all thy gain,  
 A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,  
 A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods, 75  
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.  
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,  
 Whom age, and long experience render wise,  
 And one whose tender care is far above  
 All that these lovers ever felt of love, 80  
 (Far more than e'er can by yourself be guest),  
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.  
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;  
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.  
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ; 85  
 Like you, contented with his native groves ;

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Hæc quoque, quæ juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo, 65  
 Si non nupta foret, terræ adclinata jaceret.  
 Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus ;  
 Concubitusque fugis ; nec te conjungere curas.  
 Atque utinam velles ! Helene non pluribus esset 70  
 Sollicitata procis : nec quæ Lapitheia movit  
 Prælia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyssei.  
 Nunc quoque, cum fugias averferisque petentes,  
 Mille proci cupiunt ; et semidecique deique, 75  
 Et quæcunque tenent Albanos numina montes.  
 Sed tu, si sapies, si te bene jungere, anumque  
 Hanc audire voles, (quæ te plus omnibus illis,  
 Plus quam credis, amo), vulgares rejice tædas :  
 Vertumnusque tori socium tibi felige : pro quo  
 Me quoque pignus habe. neque enim sibi notior ille est,  
 Quam mihi. nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe. 85

Nor

Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;  
 For you he lives ; and you alone shall share  
 His last affection, as his early care.  
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,  
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.  
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,  
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.  
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,  
 Your rural cares and pleasures are the same. 95  
 To him your orchard's early fruits are due,  
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you).  
 He values these ; but yet (alas !) complains,  
 That still the best and dearest gift remains,  
 Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows 100  
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows ;  
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,  
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies ;  
 You, only you, can move the God's desire :  
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire ! 105  
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind ;  
 Think, 'tis VERTUMNUS begs you to be kind !  
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,  
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;

---

Hæc loca sola colit. nec, uti pars magna procorum,  
 Quam modo vidit, amat. tu primus et ultimus illi.  
 Ardor eris ; solique suos tibi devovet annos.  
 Adde, quod est juvenis ; quod naturale decoris 90  
 Munus habet ; formasque apte fingetur in omnes :  
 Et, quod erit jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.  
 Quid, quod amatis idem ? quod, quæ tibi poma co-  
 luntur,  
 Primus habet ; lætaque tenet tua munera dextra ?  
 Sed neque jam fetus desiderat arbore demtos.  
 Nec, quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas ;  
 Nec quidquam, nisi te. miserere ardantis : et ipsam,  
 Qui petit, ore meo præsentem crede peccari. —

Nor

Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows. 110  
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!

This when the various God had urg'd in vain,  
 He straight assum'd his native form again ;  
 Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,  
 As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears, 115  
 And thence exerting his resplendent ray,  
 Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.  
 Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design ;  
 For when, appearing in a form divine,  
 The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace 120  
 Of charming features, and a youthful face,  
 In her soft breast consenting passions move,  
 And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat  
 Poma ; nec exequiant rapidi florentia venti. 110

Hæc ubi nequiequam fortias Deus aptus in omnes,  
 Edidit ; in juvenem rediit : et anilia demit  
 Instrumenta sibi : talisque apparuit illi,  
 Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago 115  
 Evicit nubes, nullaque obstante relaxit.  
 Vimque parat : sed vi non est opus ; inque figura  
 Capta Dei Nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.



## IMITATIONS of ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the Author in his Youth.

## I.

## CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,  
Yet swinken nat sans secrefie.

Thilke moral shall ye understand,  
From schoole-boys tale of fayre Ireland :

Which to the fennes hath him betake,  
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.

Right then, there passen by the way  
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.

Ducke in his trouses hath he hent,  
Not to be spied of ladies gent.

“ But ho ! our nephew,” (crieth one),

“ Ho !” quoth another, “ Cozen John ; ”

And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—  
This silly clerk full low doth lout :

They asken that, and talken this,

“ Lo here is coz, and here is miss.”

But, as he glozeth with speeches foote,  
The ducke sore tickleth his erse roote :

Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,

Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest.

Te-he, cry’d ladies ; clerke nougnt spake :

Miss star’d ; and gray ducke crieth Quaake.

“ O moder, moder,” (quoth the daughter),

“ Be thilke fame thing maidis longen a’ter ?

“ Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,

“ Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke.”

## II. SPEN.

## II.

## S P E N C E R.

## The ALLEY.

## I.

**I**N ev'ry town, where Thamis rolls his tyde,  
 A narrow pass there is, with houses low ;  
 Where ever and anon the stream is ey'd,  
 And many a boat soft sliding to and fro.  
 There oft are heard the notes of infant-wo, 5  
 The short, thick sob, loud scream, and shriller  
 squall :  
 How can ye, mothers, vex your children so ?  
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,  
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

## II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10  
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;  
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,  
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by ;  
 And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.  
 At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen, 15  
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry ;  
 Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between ;  
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neighbour-  
 hood I ween.

## III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy),  
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies ; 20  
 The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,  
 Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries ;  
 The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,  
 And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound ;  
 To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ; 25  
 The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,  
 And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base  
 are drown'd.

## IV.

## IV.

Hard by a stye, beneath a roof of thatch,  
 Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days  
 Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch, 30  
 Cod, whiting, oyster, mackerel, sprat, or plaice :  
 There learn'd she speech from tongues that never  
 cease.

Slander beside her, like a magpye, chatters,  
 With Envy, (spitting cat), dread foe to peace ;  
 Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters, 35  
 And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to  
 tatters.

## V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,  
 Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall :  
 She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,  
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all ; 40  
 Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call :  
 Yea, when she pass'd by or lane or nook,  
 Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,  
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,  
 Nor ever did askance like modeft virgin look. 45

## VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,  
 Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch ;  
 Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,  
 And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,  
 Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch, 50  
 Ne village is without, on either side,  
 All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;  
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd  
 Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and Windsor's  
 tow'ry pride.

## III.

## III. VI

W A L L E R.

Of a LADY singing to her LUTE.

**F**air charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize,  
A heart resign'd, the conquest of your eyes:  
Well might, alas! that threaten'd vessel fail,  
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.  
We were too bleſſ'd with these enchanting lays,  
Which must be heav'nly when an angel plays:  
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,  
Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.  
Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,  
Taught by your hand, can charm no leſs than he: 10  
A poet made the silent wood pursue,  
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

ON A FAN OF THE AUTHOR'S DESIGN,  
*in which was painted the story of CEPHALUS and  
PROCRIS, with the motto, AURA VENI.*

**C**ome, gentle air! th' Æolian shepherd said,  
While Procris panted in the secret shade;  
Come, gentle air! the fairer Delia cries,  
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.  
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,  
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play! 5  
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,  
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:  
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;  
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.  
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,  
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:  
She views the story with attentive eyes,  
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

## IV.

## COWLEY.

## The GARDEN.

**F**AIN would my muse the flow'ry treasures sing,  
 And humble glories of the youthful Spring;  
 Where op'ning roses breathing sweets diffuse,  
 And soft carnations shew'r their balmy dews;  
 Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,  
 The thin undress of superficial light;  
 And vary'd tulips show so dazzling gay,  
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.  
 Each painted flouret in the lake below  
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow; 10  
 And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain  
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.  
 Here aged trees cathedral-walks compose,  
 And mount the hill in venerable rows:  
 There the green infants in their beds are laid,  
 The garden's hope, and its expected shade.  
 Here orange-trees with blooms and pendents shine,  
 And vernal honours to their autumn join;  
 Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,  
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more. 15  
 There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,  
 By laurels shielded from the piercing day:  
 Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,  
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,  
 Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25  
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.  
 The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,  
 At once a shelter from her boughs receives,  
 Where Summ'r's beauty midst of Winter stays,  
 And Winter's coolness spite of Summer's rays. 30

## WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's tears make sorrow bright,  
Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes ;  
The sun, next those the fairest light,  
Thus from the ocean first did rise :  
And thus through mists we see the sun,  
Which else we durst not gaze upon. 35

These silver-drops, like morning-dew,  
Foretel the fervour of the day :  
So from one cloud soft shov'r's we view,  
And blasting lightnings burst away. 40  
The stars that fall from Celia's eye,  
Declare our doom in drawing nigh.

The baby in that funny sphere  
So like a Phaëton appears,  
That Heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare,  
Thought fit to drown him in her tears :  
Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,  
To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire. 45

## V.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

## ON SILENCE.

## I.

SILENCE ! coeval with eternity ;  
Thou wert ere Nature's self began to be,  
'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee. 5  
II.

Thine was the fway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,  
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,  
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth. 10

## III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,  
In one more various animal combin'd,  
And fram'd the clamorous race of busy human-kind. 15

## IV.

## IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,  
 'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show, 11  
 And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

## V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain;  
 Lost in the maze of words he turns again,  
 And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign. 15

## VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,  
 Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,  
 And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

## VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,  
 And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise; 20  
 Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

## VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess'd;  
 Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,  
 And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

## IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,  
 The only honour of the wishing dame; 26  
 Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

## X.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are  
 free,  
 How church and state should be oblig'd to thee?  
 At senate, and at bar, how welcome wouldest thou be?

## XI.

Yet Speech ev'n there submissively withdraws, 31  
 From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:  
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

## XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,  
 What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes,  
 Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose. 36.

## XIII.

The country-wit, religion of the town,  
 The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,  
 Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

## B b 2

## XIV.

## XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,  
Lord's quibble, critic's jest ; all end in thee,  
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

40

## VI.

## Earl of DORSET.

## ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemisia talks, by fits,  
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits ;  
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke :  
Yet in some things methinks she fails ;  
'Twere well if she could pare her nails,  
And wear a cleaner smock.

5

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,  
Such nastiness and so much pride  
Are oddly join'd by Fate :  
On her large squab you find her spread,  
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,  
That lies and stinks in state.

10

She wears no colours (sign of grace)  
On any part except her face ;  
All white and black beside :  
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,  
Her voice theatrically loud,  
And masculine her stride.

15

So have I seen, in black and white,  
A prating thing, a magpye hight,  
Majestically stalk ;  
A stately, worthless animal,  
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,  
All flutter, pride, and talk.

20

## PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,  
Open she was, and unconfin'd,  
Like some free port of trade :  
Merchants unloaded here their freight,  
And agents from each foreign state  
Here first their entry made.

5

Her learning and good breeding such,  
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,  
Spaniards or French came to her ;  
To all obliging she'd appear :  
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Tarw Mynheer*,  
'Twas *S'il vous plaist, Monsieur*.

10

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,  
Still changing names, religions, climes,  
At length she turns a bride :  
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,  
She shines the first of batter'd jades,  
And flutters in her pride.

15

So have I known those insects fair,  
(Which curious Germans hold so rare),  
Still vary shapes and dyes ;  
Still gain new titles with new forms ;  
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,  
Then painted butterflies.

20

## VII.

## DR. SWIFT.

## The Happy Life of a COUNTRY-PARSON.

P ARSON, these things in thy possessing  
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.  
A wife that makes conserves ; a steed  
That carries double when there's need ;

October

October store, and best Virginia, 5  
 Tithe-pig, and mortuary Guinea;  
 Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,  
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;  
 A large concordance, bound long since;  
 Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince: 10  
 A chronicle of ancient standing;  
 A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.  
 The Polyglott—three parts,— my text,  
 Howbeit, — likewise — now to my next:  
 Lo here the Septuagint,— and Paul,  
 To sum the whole, — the close of all. 15  
 He that has these, may pass his life,  
 Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;  
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;  
 And fast on Fridays—if he will;  
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,  
 Talk with church-wardens about pews,  
 Pray heartily for some new gift,  
 And shake his head at Doctor S——t. 20

END of the FIRST VOLUME.



